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THE JERUSALEM  
**POST**  
MAGAZINE

Friday, June 1, 1984

## Gorky Park to Grofit



הכר את העיר

הכר את העיר





On the cover, Joanna Pacula, the Polish actress who starred in 'Gorky Park,' on the set of 'Not Quite Jerusalem,' at Kibbutz Grofit.

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Manufacturer's Week  
at Hamashbir Lazarchan

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**Hamashbir Lazarchan**

SOME TIME towards the end of spring 1980, a resident of a settlement in Western Samaria received a telephone call from a friend. He was instructed to take his car late on the evening of June 1 and wait near a gas station at one of the moshavim in the centre of the country. He would be doing something "for the glory and security of the People of Israel," he was told.

Soon after he had parked in the shadows some distance away from the pool of light surrounding the gas station, two people he did not know and who did not identify themselves got into the back of the car. They told him to drive eastwards — back into Samaria.

After about an hour, the three entered Nablus, the largest town in the West Bank and one of the centres of radical Palestinian nationalism.

The car turned up into the wealthy Rashadiya suburb of the town and stopped not far away from a single-story house looking out across a narrow alley to the bare bulk of Mt. Eibal. The house stood at the end of a row of similar dwellings but was more exposed because of a large empty plot in front of it.

The two strangers, both of whom were armed, stepped out of the car and carefully made their way in the shadows towards the house. Their target was not the house itself which was, and still is, surrounded by a stone wall, but a pale blue Opel car parked outside.

From a satchel they were carrying, the men removed a flat piece of board to which 500 gm. of a dark-brown, putty-like substance had been taped. Also visible were some protruding electrical leads and a large magnet fixed to the back of the board.

One of the men crawled under the front of the car and used the magnet to fix the package to the steel plate just above the clutch. After attaching the leads to various mechanisms in the engine, the two men left as quietly as they had approached, rejoined the waiting driver and drove off.

A few hours later, shortly after eight o'clock a.m., a middle-aged man with an almost permanent impish smile stepped through the wrought-iron gates of the house and got into the car. Bassam Shak'a, the mayor of Nablus, was on his way to work.

For already more than two years, Shak'a had been busy with a great deal more than Nablus municipal affairs. He was the unofficial chairman of the National Guidance Committee, a group of the most radically pro-PLO figures in the West Bank and Gaza. That, and his increasingly bold statements in support of Palestinian nationalism as expressed by the PLO, had made him a target.

As soon as Shak'a switched on the ignition and depressed the clutch, the RDX plastic explosive secreted only centimetres above his legs exploded. Screaming and with a good part of both legs blown off, Shak'a flung himself from the shattered car.

Shak'a was not the only target that morning. His colleague in Ramallah, Karim Khalaf, also lost a leg from an identical bomb planted in his Cadillac. Suleiman Hirbawi, a Druse bomb-disposal expert called in to examine the locked garage and car of El-Bireh's mayor, Ibrahim Tawil, inadvertently touched a trip-wire and was blinded, when a military-type side charge buried in a flower bed exploded. Earlier in the day, a booby-trapped IDF fragmentation grenade had exploded in Hebron market, injuring several people, including some schoolchildren.

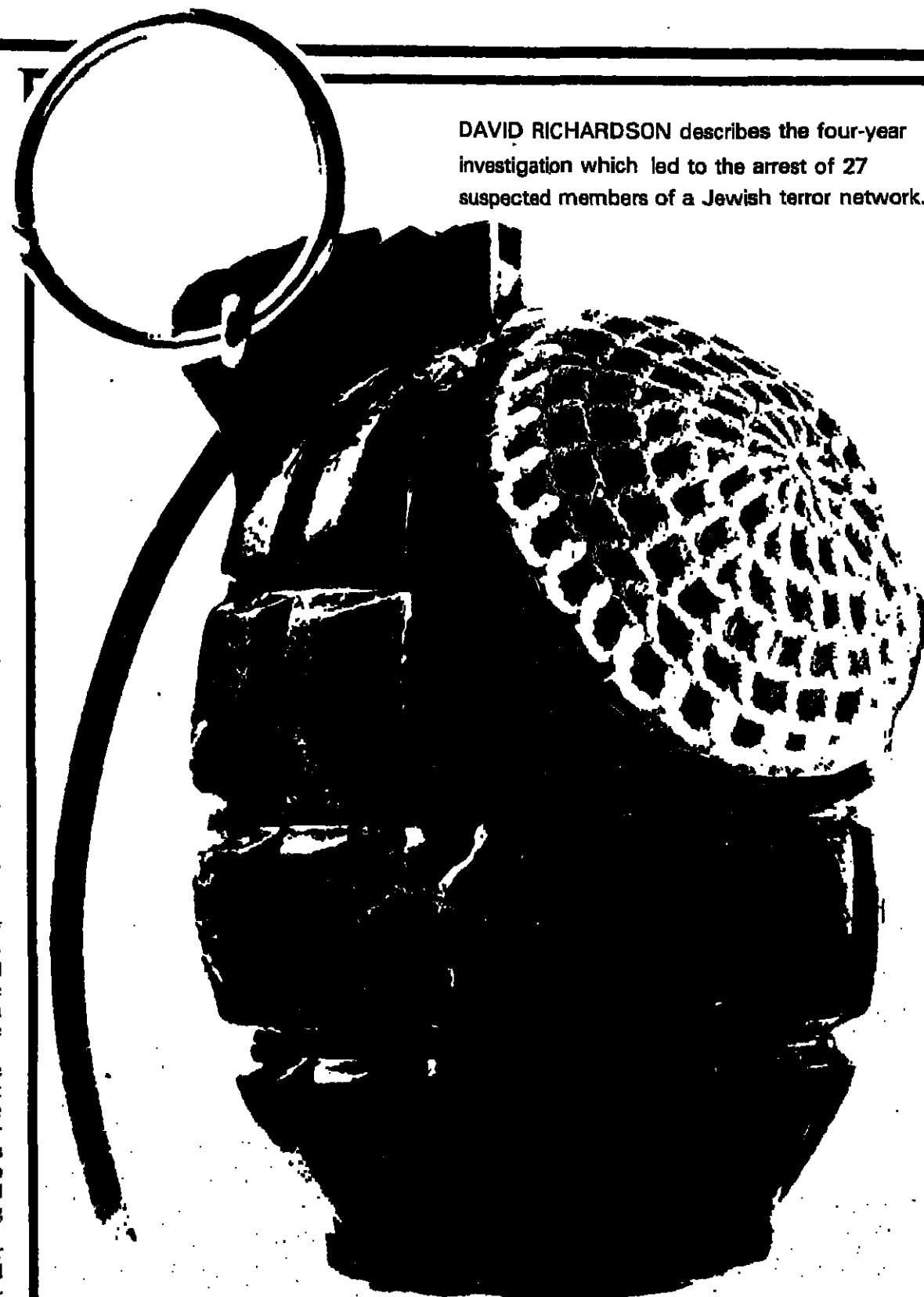
What follows is an attempt, employing a liberal dose of dramatic licence, to reconstruct the subsequent investigation.

That investigation is now almost complete. So far, 27 men, most of them Jewish settlers from the West Bank, but also including three army officers involved in the military government or local security of the area, have been indicted. They are facing charges ranging from premeditated murder to membership in a terrorist organization and the theft of army property.

Within hours of the explosions, leaders of the various security and intelligence agencies to be involved in the investigation had met. They included the police, in particular, the forensic laboratories and the bomb disposal unit at National Police Headquarters and the army, including officers from field security and the military police. Above all, it was clear that the investigation would be handled by the General Security Service.

The prime minister, Menachem Begin, who held ministerial respon-

DAVID RICHARDSON describes the four-year investigation which led to the arrest of 27 suspected members of a Jewish terror network.



## NOTES ON THE UNDERGROUND

sibility for the GSS, promised a full and intensive inquiry. Under the law, it is the province of the Sherut Bitahon Klali, better known by its Hebrew acronym of Shabak or Shin Bet, to counter subversion inside the state, whatever its source.

Although there was at least the theoretical possibility that the attempted assassination of the mayors was the work of Palestinians themselves, the basic assumption and consensus among the investigators was that the attacks had been carried out by Jewish extremists. Their motives were too obvious to ignore.

Such extremists had to include Jewish settlers in the West Bank. It soon became clear that, apart from a few fringe groups, the GSS was almost "blind" in this area. Its efforts to counter Jewish subversion had been focused on individuals like Yoel Lerner, who had tried to blow up the Dome of the Rock, and his former associates in Rabbi Meir Kahane's Kabbalistic movement.

It was not only the obvious and

all-but-declared danger that these groups posed but also their insulation within Israeli society that made the politically sensitive problems of surveillance and intelligence-gathering easier to condone.

Gush Emunim, the settlers' main organization was, and still is, a totally different problem. It was, and still is part of the establishment, favoured with lavish budgets, government support and almost free access to the top echelons of government. It had ardent supporters in the Knesset; later, its own elected representatives would join the coalition.

Employing the country's secret service to spy on a legitimate political organization which claimed, with some justice, to be the darling of the government, posed acute problems for the GSS, its director and the prime minister himself.

But there was an additional problem. The Arabs, chief among them the victims themselves, as well as some Israelis charged that the attacks could not have taken place without at least the knowledge, if not

the encouragement or cooperation, of officers or officials inside the military government or elsewhere in the Israeli security establishment.

Given that possibility, the Shabak could find themselves treading on a lot of sensitive toes.

THE INVESTIGATORS began the slow and meticulous task of trying to isolate possible suspects, or individuals who could eventually lead them to suspects.

A senior counter-terror expert said recently that with the aid of computers "it was not all that difficult to police the Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza." By isolating the males of a certain age group from which terrorists usually spring, one narrowed the search considerably.

Why should the same principles not have been applied to the settlers and their potential allies? Of the 30,000-odd settlers in the West Bank, some 40 per cent are males, given the size of the families and the age of the population. Common sense would dictate that the gross parameters of age and some military training would be the most immediate criteria of selection. In the end the "target population" would have been pared down to some 10,000 people or less.

When it came to the settlers, several additional criteria emerged. Given the obvious sophistication of the attacks, at least one of the group was likely to have had sabotage training in the army. That information was relatively easy to obtain.

Like other subversive or extra-parliamentary organizations before them, the individuals responsible for the attacks on the mayors were likely to have expressed their sentiments in words or actions previously.

Newspapers, in particular the settlers' own bi-monthly, *Nekuda*, were scoured for extreme or incongruous statements.

For example, the week following the attacks on the mayors, *Nekuda*, outraged by the general media's assumption that settlers were responsible, termed any individual who had taken part in such activity a "criminal." In the deluge of letters printed in the next issue, one stands out in its objection to the use of the term "criminal." The writer is now among those awaiting trial before the Jerusalem District Court.

Police intelligence and records of previous convictions were culled for more names. Another of those currently awaiting trial was, for instance, tried and eventually acquitted for allegedly kidnapping an Arab boy and locking him up in the boot of his car for throwing a rock at passing Israeli traffic.

A geographic picture also began to emerge. Most of the anti-Arab incidents recorded by the police and the military authorities focused around Hebron and Kiryat Arba in the south, Beit El and Ofra north of Ramallah and one or two settlements in Samaria. There was another concentration around the spreading Jewish presence inside the Old City of Jerusalem.

Although this "map" coincided with the large concentrations of the urban Palestinian population and their more outspoken nationalism, it also matched the settlement pattern of the most ideologically extreme among potential suspects.

ANYONE WILLING to take his family to live in the squalor and open hostility of a staunchly conservative Muslim city like Hebron or demonstratively do his shopping in the Nablus market was, from the GSS's point of view, worthy of a closer look.

(Continued overleaf)



(Continued from page 3)

Given the increasing incidence of anti-Arab vigilantism by the settlers, it could well be that people whose concern and interest was with Jewish security in the area might well be driven to the extreme of individual or even indiscriminate terrorism.

After all, the settlers' leaders said as much in their meetings with the military commanders of the area, the prime minister and defence minister and in numerous public statements.

At the same time, it was unlikely that those leaders, always in the public eye, would have the time or take the personal and political risk of deep involvement in a terrorist organization.

What was more likely was that it was the second echelon of activists, prominent enough within their own circles to command respect and following, but not in the eye of the general public. These activists would have the time and even the inclination to advance the settlers' and, in their view, the country's interests by the attempted assassination of its most vociferous local opponents.

The fact that some of these second-echelon people were not self-employed but public officials, with a steady income from local councils, development companies or the government bureaucracy, would give them the spare time they needed to pursue their real interests.

Their positions would also supply the necessary cover for the numerous trips around the area and meetings with other settlers, including their suspected accomplices. They would also enjoy access to the government and the military government; their presence, for instance, inside a military training area or a camp would not raise any real suspicion.

It might also well be that some of these individuals resented the "success" of associates from the early days of Gush Emunim who were now Knesset members or heads of local councils and received ample press coverage and trips abroad, and felt frustrated at having been passed over. The shared romantic adventure of only a few years before had dissipated and perhaps even been corrupted by the absorption of many of the Gush leaders into Israel's political establishment. It had produced the Gush's own embittered rebels.

It can only have been assumptions or conclusions like these that led the former director of GSS, Avraham Ahtiv, to write in *Davar* last year that the settlements were "a potential breeding ground for Jewish terrorism."

WITH SOMETHING like this profile in mind the intelligence agents set about focusing on potential suspects or people who could be recruited to cooperate.

Some of their activities were overt and, if it can be believed, almost deliberately clumsy. Settlers at Kiryat Arba used occasionally to report "strange men" or "cars with antennas" cruising around their fortified suburb.

And some of the most obvious individuals to emerge from their initial enquiries were summoned for questioning or invited to meetings in a suite at one of Jerusalem's more luxurious hotels.

But there were also the more unpleasant and already classic methods of clandestine intelligence. At an early stage of the investigation, one of the main suspects was invited to a meeting with the GSS in the Jerusalem hotel. He was shown pictures of himself, in flagrante delicto, with a mistress in a flat in one



of the city's suburbs. If he did not cooperate, the pictures would be shown to his young wife, he was told.

News of the attempted blackmail reached the prime minister and he put a stop to it. It was this incident which led, in part, to the reports that Begin was blocking the investigation.

AS THE MONTHS and, eventually, years passed with no apparent progress in the investigation, criticism and suspicion of the government and the GSS mounted.

The official explanations offered, even in the Knesset, were:

□ There was no obvious pattern, since the attack on the mayors had been a one-time operation and the group had remained inactive since then. The absence of further activity meant no thread that could be retraced.

□ Those suspects the GSS had isolated were highly motivated and intelligent and, without strong corroborative evidence, there was no point in arresting them and trying to break them under interrogation. The absence of legally admissible evidence was perhaps the most common "excuse" for the lack of progress.

Unofficially, it was also said that the ideological cohesiveness of the settlers and their sense of self-righteousness made the recruitment

of agents who would, in effect, be spying on their friends and neighbours, extremely difficult and risky.

How much of this was true at the time and how much was deliberate disinformation designed to lull the targets of the intelligence efforts into a false sense of security remains a mystery.

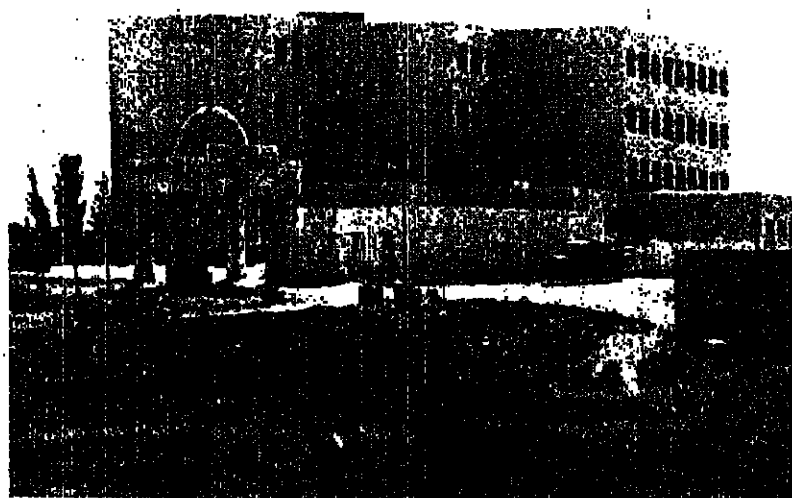
So does the question of the role of Begin and his successor Yitzhak Shamir in allowing or encouraging the GSS in its pursuit of the truth.

One theory being bandied about is that Shamir, as a relative newcomer in Herut and a veteran Mossad officer himself, relied on the bureaucracy he knew to establish his authority rather than on the rank-and-file support of the party and the masses.

Coupled with this is the statement from a source very close to the investigation that Begin, as a "democrat", would never have sanctioned actions which Shamir long ago accepted as a matter of course.

Others add that Defence Minister Moshe Arens made a major contribution in stressing that the settlers would have to observe the law in an area over which he exercised ministerial responsibility. It was he, it is said, with his American background and sensitivity to Israel's image abroad, who encouraged Shamir and the head of the GSS to pursue the investigation more aggressively.

(Below) The Islamic College in Hebron. (Top) Mayor Bassam Shak'a of Nablus.



These explanations are countered, however, by the insistence of other people familiar with the system that both the former and current directors of the GSS are, above all, pedantic professionals who act independently.

Their powers are prescribed by various laws, and all they did when it came to the political echelon represented by the prime minister was to report. They did not need to seek prime ministerial permission for measures such as phone-tapping, although they are nevertheless required to obtain the sanction of a District Court judge, these people say.

There is however, no explanation as yet of whether these directors felt they could count on the prime minister's support in the event of something they had initiated going wrong.

AND SEVERAL things did go wrong. Twice last year, the GSS and the police were embarrassed by judges at the Jerusalem District Court.

In September, 29 men were acquitted after being arrested on charges of attempting to break into the Temple Mount. Judge Ya'akov Bazak found that the group, led by Rabbi Yisrael Ariel, were indeed planning to take over the Temple Mount, but he reprimanded the police for "grossly exaggerating" the charges against them. He described them as "amateurish" and "certainly not an underground."

Later the same year, two former public officials from Kiryat Arba were given light suspended sentences for destroying evidence. They admitted to destroying a bomb an electrician had found in a cupboard in the local council offices. The bomb had been wrapped in newspapers dated shortly before the attack on the mayors. One of those men is now facing charges of attempted murder.

Following the acquittal and the light sentences, the police and, indirectly, the GSS were roundly criticized by the settlers and their political representatives in the government.

In pursuing their quarry, the intelligence agents exploited the settlers' blind spot: their arrogance and over-confidence. Soldiers stationed in the area to protect the settlers and often ignored or even scoffed at by them might well have been agents.

On one occasion, several of the men now awaiting trial picked up a soldier hitching a ride near one of the settlements. They would not normally have accepted a hitch-hiker, in the light of their concern for security, but this soldier had his arm in a cast and they felt sorry for him. During the journey they offered their passenger a handful of dates.

In the one-sided justification of their actions the settlers gave to *Ma'ariv*, one of the detainees relates that his interrogators reminded him that he owed him some dates. The hitch-hiker with the broken arm was an agent placed to try and trace the movements of the suspected conspirators.

Surveillance by plainclothes agents who mingle in a crowd, the use of sophisticated electronic techniques to eavesdrop and record conversations, photograph transfer of material and perhaps even the odd criminal act itself are not merely the devices of detective and spy novelists.

Even if the settlers are a closely knit and perhaps generally secretive group, they live surrounded by hundreds of thousands of Palestinians and scores of people who provide goods and services.

But it is also clear that trickery and subterfuge, sometimes teetering on the brink of legality, were also employed to extract statements. When such a statement re-appears in the hands of an interrogator, it could easily lead to a full confession which now rests in a prosecutor's file.

The suspected leader of the organization told an acquaintance that he confessed after his interrogators played back a recording of a conversation he had with another man while strolling down the Ben Yehuda pedestrian mall in Jerusalem. "If they succeeded in recording me in the middle of the mall, everything must have been known and I decided to confess," he was quoted as saying.

IN STORIES that have leaked out since their arrest and in a brief conversation with one of them inside the courtroom last week, the suspects have made it clear that they were overwhelmed by the detailed nature of the intelligence the GSS had gathered against them.

Conversations about operational plans, held in distant orchards in order to ensure security, were played back to them, sometimes accompanied by photographs bearing the date and time. Detailed lists of what were thought to be clandestine meetings and secret journeys were produced. And who knows if the pillow talk of an overburdened conscience to an understanding spouse was not "taken down, to be used as evidence?"

Then there is the use of double agents. Last year's indiscriminate terrorist attack on the Hebron Islamic University, in which three people were killed and more than 30 injured, shocked many settlers, including some of their leaders. The GSS's difficulty in winning the cooperation of at least some authentic figures among the settlers might well have decreased, following an attack which seemed clearly the work of some settlers exacting revenge for the murder of one of their number three weeks earlier.

And the murder of Peace Now activist Emil Grunzweig, also at first blamed on the settlers, might also have had a similar effect.

On Friday, April 27, when the GSS and the police were finally able to move against the group, prompted as they were by the attempted sabotage of five Arab-owned buses in East Jerusalem, they were assisted by a man whom the bus drivers described as "bearded and wearing a skullcap."

Then there was the "challenge" mounted by other groups which have sprung up over the past year.

The alleged activities of the "Lifta" and Ein Karem gangs who are accused of various anti-Arab attacks might have confused the investigators at first. But it must also eventually have served to reinforce their conviction that the group they were focusing on in the territories was an entirely different matter.

It has also been speculated that the very clumsiness and amateurishness of these other groups irritated the settlers and perhaps goaded them into their most grandiose alleged operation - the attempted bombing of five buses parked in various suburbs all over East Jerusalem.

FINALLY CAME the interrogation. Whether, as the suspects now maintain, they signed their confessions "because they believed in what they had done" or whether they were indeed overcome by the wealth of intelligence the skilled and highly trained investigators and interrogators already had on them may never emerge.

But it is also clear that trickery and subterfuge, sometimes teetering on the brink of legality, were also employed to extract statements. When such a statement re-appears in the hands of an interrogator, it could easily lead to a full confession which now rests in a prosecutor's file.

FEBRUARY 27, 1984, was a big day in Damascus. It was then that the lonely occupant of the Ba'abda Palace, President Amin Jemayel, arrived in the Syrian capital, and presented his host, President Hafez al-Assad, with a great diplomatic victory: the abrogation of the May 17 agreement signed between Israel and Lebanon the previous year.

Amin Jemayel's reception was impeccable: every possible effort was made to sweeten the bitter pill of the vanquished president. There was still a fly in that ointment: while the official ceremonies were taking place at Damascus airport, the scene in other parts of the city, particularly near key strategic installations, was completely different. There, great numbers of Syrian tanks were assembled.

But the show of force was unnecessary to convince Jemayel to bow to Syria's pressures: he was already prepared to do so. The tanks were in the streets, because in the days preceding the presidential visit, various factions of the Syrian armed forces were on the verge of collision.

It is not known whether Jemayel knew of what was happening in Damascus before he arrived there; but it is obvious that he, as well as every other Lebanese leader, had become aware of the situation and its possible implications since that dramatic day. In fact, developments in Lebanon are largely dictated by what is happening behind the closed doors of the Syrian regime.

It was not reasons of high policy that caused the uproar in Damascus. It was exclusively due to the deteriorating health of Hafez al-Assad. On various occasions in the past, rumours spread as to the health condition of the Damascus lion (which is the meaning of his family name). From time to time, Assad even disappeared for long spells from the public eye, apparently in order to undergo medical treatment. Still, there were no signs of overt cracks in the surrounding leadership. The image of the regime remained one of cohesion and stability.

NOT THAT THE ruling clique did not have its own internal problems; but it managed, especially in times of crisis, to deal with any challenge, as the traumatic example of Hama in February 1983 proved. Both in peaceful and tense periods, Assad was the main pillar of the regime. He was the main fount of authority, due to his position as president, commander-in-chief of the armed forces and secretary-general of the ruling Ba'ath Party. As the years went by, Syria seemed to have the most stable regime in the region.

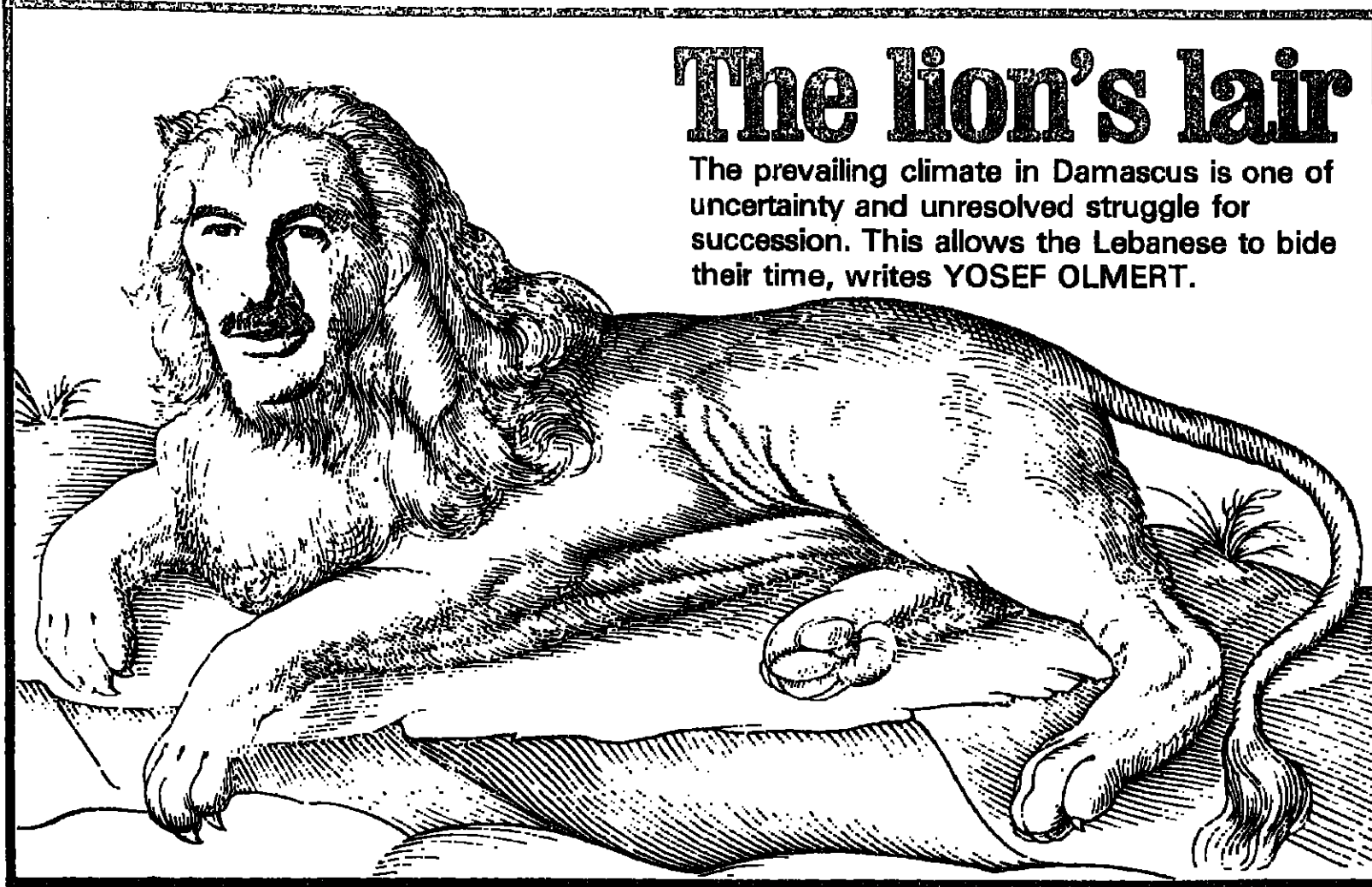
This in itself was something of a miracle, bearing in mind Syria's traditional malaise: its inherent political instability.

Around Assad, various factions constantly clashed with each other, but the supreme arbiter remained the astute president, whose authority was unchallenged.

Here lay the fundamental weakness of the apparently stable edifice established by Hafez al-Assad; too much depended on him personally. In a situation like this, one bullet is enough to change everything. Indeed, several attempts were made on his life, but they were all abortive. Most notable among them was the attempt on June 25, 1980.

ASSAD OVERCAME all this but he could not overcome nature. In October 1983, he suffered a massive heart attack, which nearly cost him his life.

In fact, that attack was a real watershed in the history of the Assad regime. As is characteristic of a



## The lion's lair

The prevailing climate in Damascus is one of uncertainty and unresolved struggle for succession. This allows the Lebanese to bide their time, writes YOSEF OLMERT.

totalitarian regime, the smell of an impending succession-battle was enough to trigger trouble. This time, the president's position was really serious. The various organs of the regime did their best to hide the truth, but the ruling clique could not deceive itself. Realizing the severity of Assad's condition, the different factions started preparing for the inevitable struggle. The first signs were fairly innocuous. Posters bearing pictures of various Syrian leaders began to appear in the Damascus streets; slogans in their praise started to be seen and heard. Then came the more convincing signs of tension: the increased presence of the security forces. At that stage, in January-February this year, the average Damascus could see for himself that things were going wrong. At the same time, things were disastrously wrong in Lebanon, especially from the point of view of President Jemayel. His army was demolished by the Druse and Shi'ites, Syria's allies. The Phalangists were also unable to stop the rot, and the president decided that he could expect immediate relief in Damascus.

By a dramatic coincidence, matters came to a head in the Syrian capital in the second half of February. Col. Rifaa al-Assad, the president's younger brother and commander of the elite defence detachment units stationed in Damascus in order to protect the regime, felt that he was losing support in the armed forces. Pushed to the wall, Damascus detachments were on the alert, a move which precipitated a retaliation in kind by the army high command, led by Defence Minister Mustafa Tallas, a Sunni, and Chief of Staff Hikmet Shehawi, and a number of Alawi officers, including Ali Duba and Mohammed Huli, whose only cement is their hostility to Rifaa al-Assad. Damascus was full of army units facing each other, waiting for the president's intervention. In his shelled palace at Ba'abda, President Jemayel must have known of the situation in Damascus, as most of the information concerning events was first made known in Beirut. But poor Amin was caught between the hammer and the anvil. Walid Jumblatt and Nabl Berri were on the offensive, apparently supported and encouraged by Damascus. Israel insisted on a policy of non-intervention, which meant, in effect, leaving Jemayel to himself.

CONFRONTING the hopeless situation, Jemayel went to Damascus. His arrival had an immediate

result: the rival Syrian factions decided to call a truce, enabling the frail Hafez al-Assad to enjoy his victory. But the victorious atmosphere did not last long. There were, and still are, two formidable tasks facing the Damascus leadership; to stabilize Syria's internal situation, and to reap the benefits of its dominant position in Lebanon by stabilizing the situation there.

As things have developed since February 27, the connection between the two could not be clearer. The atmosphere in Syria continues to be one of tension and uncertainty about the next stage in the ongoing succession battle, and it is having an obvious impact on Lebanon. Syria is still a threatening and powerful actor in the Lebanese game, but is also less predictable than it was.

In these circumstances, the typical Lebanese reaction is to wait and see. The Lebanese are again sitting on the fence. In Lausanne, even the authoritative presence of Syria's vice-president Abdel-Halim Khaddam did not produce anything more substantial than a meaningless formula. Time has passed since the end of the conference and the establishment of a new government in Beirut. Fire is still being exchanged between

the various factions in and around the city, and there are only vague signs of real progress towards a political settlement. Once it seemed that Jumblatt, Berri and Suleiman Franjeh were simply playing the role of executors of Damascus' instructions.

This view was exaggerated, and is all the more so today. All the Lebanese leaders are still drawing a moral from Damascus, but should they be tuned more to Rifaa or to Khaddam?

They seem, at least as a precaution, to be biding their time. Thus, Franjeh refused to take part in the new Syrian-inspired cabinet led by Rashid Karamneh, another protégé of Damascus, and Jumblatt's role is still only a nominal one.

There is, therefore, a hiatus in Lebanon. Syria is mainly preoccupied with its own problems, and so is Israel, in view of the forthcoming elections. In Lebanon itself, the various factions are maintaining a policy of wait and see. Experience teaches us that such a situation cannot last for long. The question is which of the many factions involved in the Lebanese saga will be the first to take the plunge.

Dr. Yosef Olmert is head of the Syria-Lebanon desk, Dayan Centre/Shiloah Institute, Tel Aviv University.

Abdul Halim Khaddam, Mustapha Tlas and Rifaa al-Assad: three figures in the Syrian succession sweepstakes.



هكذا من الرجل



TOMORROW, June 2, the Palestine Liberation Organization celebrates 20 years of existence. It is doubtful whether the Palestinian people have much to celebrate, given that the organization's main achievement has been to get thousands of persons killed — mainly Palestinians killed in the course of internal feuds or liquidated by PLO hit teams. If the lot of the majority of the Palestinian people — 600,000 in Israel, 1,200,000 in the West Bank and Gaza, 1,200,000 in Jordan, 300,000 in the Gulf states, and heaven knows how many hundreds of thousands scattered in all corners of the earth — has improved, it is certainly not thanks to anything the PLO has done. Furthermore, 300,000 Palestinians living in Lebanon can thank the PLO for their present plight. Somebody ought to be doing some soul searching.

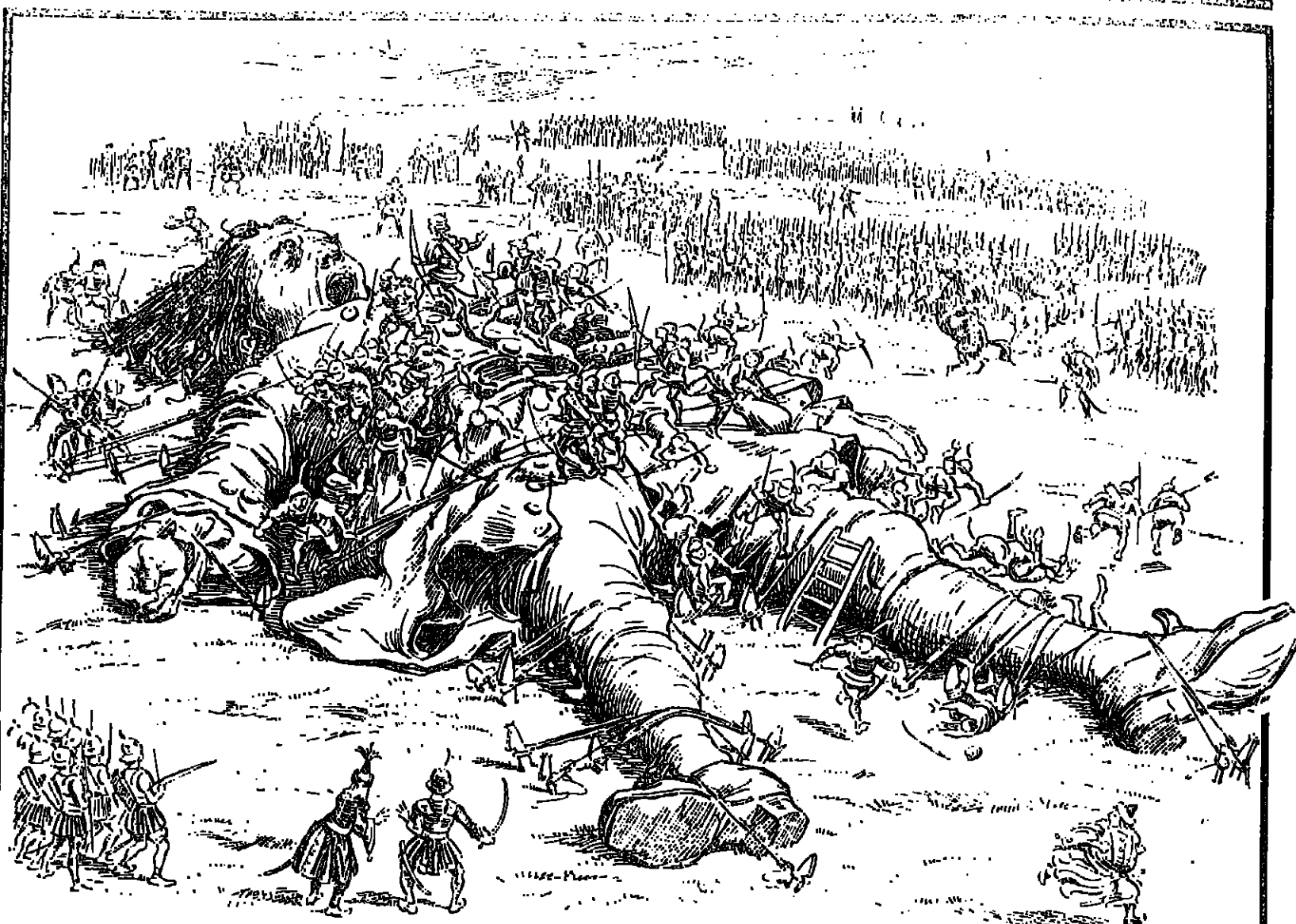
Israel may not always have acted wisely when it came to the PLO. It could probably have done much more to neutralize the PLO's hold over the Palestinian population in the occupied territories; perhaps more could have been done to prevent its gaining the status of "sole representative of the Palestinian people" in the eyes of so many observers. Moreover, Arik Sharon's belief that the PLO could be eliminated by military means was certainly an illusion, and trying to realize it was a very costly exercise for Israel.

Yet Israel has had no alternative but to fight the PLO by all possible means. The PLO, established in 1964 by Ahmed Shukeiry, and taken over by Fatah leader Yasser Arafat in 1969, is not an organization with which Israel has anything to negotiate. If for 20 years an organization keeps repeating that its main goal is to wipe you off the face of the earth, that it does not recognize you or any rights you may claim, and that the main means of achieving its goals must be "armed struggle" — by which it means indiscriminate terror — then there is nothing to talk about.

This is not to say that Israel does not recognize that a painful Palestinian problem exists, and must be resolved. Even Menachem Begin recognized at Camp David that the Palestinians have "legitimate rights." Most Israelis admit that the Palestinians have "a right to self-determination." Some say this right must be realized in Jordan, others that it will be realized in a Jordanian-Palestinian state made up of Jordan, most of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.

No Israeli can accept that this right to self-determination can be realized in the whole territory of the Palestine Mandate, which is what the PLO demands in its Covenant (article 2) and which included the whole of western Palestine and Transjordan. That is what the PLO has claimed for 20 years. All that has changed has been the tactics, such as adopting diplomatic means in addition to terror; expressing willingness to accept a "mini-state" as an interim measure, and occasionally scaling down the use of terror.

ISRAEL's physical campaign against the PLO is in the hands of its military establishment and intelligence community. But there is also a propaganda campaign. This constant battle of wits has been conducted by the state's and the Zionist Organization's various *hasbara* agencies, as well as by other public and private bodies. The main functions of this propaganda have been: preventing the PLO's being recognized as the sole representative of the Palestinian people; explaining why Israel cannot accept it as a partner in negotiations; preventing friendly



## Wasted ammunition

Israel has gained significant military victories over the Palestine Liberation Organization. But it has been less successful on the propaganda battlefield. SUSAN HATTIS ROLEF assesses the order of battle, on the PLO's anniversary.

states from having any official dealings with the PLO unless it agrees to recognize Israel's right to exist and Security Council resolutions 242 and 338, and countering the PLO's own vicious propaganda war against Israel.

Most of the ammunition for Israel's anti-PLO campaign has been supplied by the PLO itself: this comprises its nature, its declared goals and principles, its conduct. The Palestinian Covenant has been distributed around the world by Israel in hundreds of thousands of copies in dozens of languages, for no document expresses more clearly and openly what the PLO's goals are than its own charter.

For the past 16 years, not a single word has been changed in this document, and this has not been the result of omission or oversight. Brushing aside the covenant as nothing but "a piece of paper" which doesn't really express the views of most of the PLO leaders is simply not justified in light of successive Palestine National Council resolutions, and statements by the PLO leaders themselves, including those regarded as "moderates."

In fact, one of the main issues which Israel must constantly address in its *hasbara* is the notion that the PLO contains extremists and moderates. That is a myth which even PLO spokesmen have refuted. Ibrahim Souss, its representative in Paris, was quoted by *Le Nouvel Obser-*

*vateur* of August 14, 1981, as saying: "People should know that we shall not make any concessions, and that among us there are no extremists or moderates." He was speaking about the extent of the Palestinians' territorial claims and the use of indiscriminate terror. In western eyes, the PLO moderate is one who speaks in moderate language, who is willing to meet left-wing Israelis, who never says, "We shall never recognize Israel," but never says, either, that the PLO is willing to recognize or coexist with Israel.

Several such PLO "moderates" have been assassinated for their "treason." For example, Said Ham-mami on January 6, 1978, in London, and Issam Sartawi on April 10, 1983, in Lisbon. Another PLO method of dealing with moderates statements by its own representatives (including Arafat) is to deny that the statements were ever made, or claim that they have been taken out of context, misunderstood or mistranslated.

Many truly moderate Palestinians in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip have been shot by the PLO, as for example the Ramallah business man Abdul-Nur Janbu, assassinated on February 8, 1978, and Sheikh Hasham Huzander, the imam of Gaza, who was assassinated on June 1, 1979. Both were "guilty" of welcoming Sadat's peace initiative.

Another subject which Israeli *hasbara* has had to contend with is

the slogan of the "democratic secular state," which some PLO spokesmen have claimed to be the real aim of the organization. That slogan sounds sweet and reasonable to western ears, but quite apart from the fact that the terms "democratic" and "secular" as understood in the West are totally foreign to Arab society (of 22 Arab states, not one is either democratic or secular), the explanation of the term by the PLO itself provides conclusive evidence that a democratic-secular Palestinian state would not be exactly what one might expect it to be.

Arafat himself denied that the PLO strove for a secular state: "We did not issue the slogan for the establishment of a secular state. What happened is that the French writer, Anna Frankus, author of the book *The Palestinians*, spread the slogan in the name of the Palestinian revolution in several articles. I am certain, however, that this is a distortion of the expression of democracy we proclaim." In April 1975, he told the London *Economist* that the aim was a multi-religious state like Lebanon.

As to democracy, Shafiq al-Hut, head of the PLO's Beirut office, explained in 1970 that democracy did "not mean the liberal democracy according to the one man one vote system. Our intention is a popular democracy." Assassination is, of course, a very common democratic method of getting things done, as are

internal wars such as that which took place in Tripoli (Lebanon) in the summer of 1983, when the anti-Arafat forces of Abu Musa and Abu Saleh in the PLO decided to try and eliminate Arafat.

Terror and violence are the common manifestation of democracy inside the PLO: they are also the main methods used by the PLO in its struggle against Israel. One could fill volumes with tables, statistics and horror pictures showing what this struggle has achieved. Strangely enough, the more evidence one presents, the less effective it becomes. One Sabra and Shatilla carried out by Phalangist forces against Palestinian refugees makes a greater impression on world public opinion than thousands of acts of terror carried out by the Palestinians against themselves, against the Lebanese, against the Israelis, Jews and innocent bystanders.

"They are desperate" one is told; but no one seems to understand that the Palestinians reached this state of desperation by never trying any other means except terror and violence from 1920 onwards.

TO SAY THAT Israel's propaganda war against the PLO has so far been a failure, would be a misrepresentation of the facts. Undoubtedly, had Israel sat back and done nothing, the PLO would have long ago been accepted, not only in the Soviet bloc and the Third World but in the West



as well, as the uncontested sole representative of the Palestinian people. Most western states, however, still condition recognition of the PLO on its recognition of Israel. But a PLO which accepted compromise would no longer be the PLO.

One of the reasons the PLO has been successful as it has been in its propaganda war, is not what it is or what it does, but the fact that it is backed by the Soviet Union and its allies who care about neither the Palestinians' past nor their future. They see in the PLO a body which can destabilize the Middle East and the West. The Arab states, especially the oil-producing ones, also use it to further their particular interests. As Shafiq al-Hut said to a Saudi paper in October 1983:

"I doubt if there is an Arab consensus on the issue of a Palestinian state. There is wide support in the UN for the establishment of such a state, but it also requires regional Arab support. Some of the Arab brothers follow national Arab policies, but they don't see a need for a Palestinian state."

International support for the PLO is, of course, not only the result of the fact that it is supported by the Communist and Arab states. Undoubtedly, much of it flows from the fact that so far no more credible alternative has arisen among the Palestinians themselves.

In terms of Israeli *hasbara*, neither the Likud nor the Labour

Alignment has given any satisfactory answer (satisfactory in terms of international opinion) to the question: "If the PLO is not an acceptable negotiating partner, who is?"

The Likud's answer is that Jordan is a Palestinian state, and that when, some day, Israel negotiates the normalization of relations between the two states, with the Jordan River as a boundary between them, Israel will be speaking with the Palestinians who are commonly known as "Jordanians."

Labour's answer is more complicated, for while Labour speaks of territorial compromise and the establishment of a Jordanian-Palestinian state which will include large sections of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, it envisions talks with a Jordanian negotiating team that will include Palestinians.

Labour does not seem to have given much thought to the possibility that the Palestinian partners of the Jordanian government might be none other than the PLO, as could very well happen if and when King Hussein and Arafat reach some agreement in principle about a Jordanian-Palestinian confederation or federation.

There are some elements in the Labour movement, of which Professor Menachem Milson's group "The Way to Peace" is one, which holds that Israel should encourage the development of a local Palestinian political force in the West Bank and

Gaza which is not supported and financed by the PLO (since 1976 it has poured over \$500 million into the occupied territories), and which would eventually be willing to go along with Israel and Jordan in a solution that rejects the establishment of a separate third Palestinian state. Such an embryo force is said to exist, but everything has been done by successive Israeli governments to stifle its development.

SO FAR, neither Likud nor Labour has managed to convince anybody outside Israel that the Jordanian Palestinians (of whom there are about 1.2 million) or the West Bank and Gaza Strip Palestinians (approximately the same number) are likely to come up with a viable alternative Palestinian leadership to the PLO's.

One reason has been Israel's failure to explain in a convincing manner, that, while an overwhelming majority of Palestinians undoubtedly support the PLO as a symbol of Palestinian nationalism, very few are members or contribute to it materially. Indeed, the Palestinians on either side of the Jordan River are increasingly sceptical about the PLO's ability to "deliver the goods."

I believe that Israel's anti-PLO propaganda campaign would be many times more effective if we stopped investing so many efforts into trying to prevent meetings between representatives of western governments and PLO leaders. Irrespective of our efforts, meetings with the PLO continue. If those engaging in them are anti-Israeli to start with, the meetings cannot do us any harm. In other cases, they could be useful from our point of view.

The case of Willy Brandt is perhaps illuminating. In July 1979, Brandt and Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kriesky met with Arafat in Vienna. In an appearance before a B'nai B'rith audience in New York on October 3, 1981, Brandt was questioned about this meeting and he replied:

"Discussing with Chairman Arafat for me was an important piece of fact finding... We were not successful during the follow-up of Vienna. Things on the Palestinian side are more complex than what I originally knew..."

In fact, if we go on shouting that "the emperor is naked," why are we so worried about others seeing for themselves? Instead of trying to prevent meetings with PLO leaders, we should encourage as many as possible as often as possible. At the same time, we should make sure that those who participate in these meetings have sufficient background information to be able to ask the embarrassing question to which the PLO has so far given no satisfactory answers.

Let all those who consider the PLO a serious candidate for negotiations discover for themselves the inconsistencies and contradictions inherent in the organization. And if these do not exist, maybe the emperor isn't naked after all, and it is we who should change our approach.

Does anyone really believe that by raising such a rumpus about the meeting between the ex-U.S. ambassador to the UN, Andrew Young, and PLO representatives, Israel achieved anything beyond widening the rift between the Jews and the blacks in America? As long as the U.S. and most western states continue to maintain that the PLO cannot be a partner in any negotiations unless it recognizes Israel's right to exist, why should they not have the chance to hear for themselves that the PLO is unwilling to grant such recognition? As Willy Brandt said to his B'nai B'rith audience: "It didn't do any harm — it could have been helpful."

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הכזמן הנכון



KIBBUTZ GROFIT, located deep in the golden sands of the Arava, was top heavy with melon-pickers last week.

Braving the 100-degrees-in-the-shade heat to harvest the crops, pitch hay and clean the chicken coops were not only Grofit's annual contingent of 20 British volunteers. In the kibbutz clubhouse a motley group of pale-faced city-slickers were being whipped into shape by Joanna Pacula. The 26-year-old Polish actress plays the toughest, most tanned, most independent variety of kibbutznik in *Not Quite Jerusalem*, the first feature of British director Lewis Gilbert since his *Educating Rita* became the sleeper of 1983.

Gilbert, setting the scene in the sweltering clubhouse, signalled his leading lady. Like a graceful swan Pacula, clad in faded skin-tight cut-off jeans, the briefest of T-shirts, and clunky brown work shoes, bent from the waist to peer under a sandwich-laden table. Huddled together, shaking with fear, were actors Todd Graff, Kevin McNally, Bernard Strohmer and Selina Cadell, the four cast as newly-arrived volunteers who mistake two small crop dusting planes for attacking enemy aircraft.

"What you're doing there? Someone lose his teeth?" hissed Pacula, in fractured English, her Polish accent a strong contrast to the New York twang of Graff, and the Cockney, northern and Midlands English of the British actors. "You can come out now. It's safe. There won't be another war until August - after you've picked the melon crop."

Members of Grofit (a third of the population is American-born) watched the scene and laughed. Since the first years of the state, tens of thousands of Jews and Christians have voluntarily spent anywhere from a week to a year living and working on the country's 300 kibbutzim.

AMONG THOSE who worked on a kibbutz in 1978 was Paul Kember, a 29-year-old Catholic actor from Liverpool. After three months working in the plastics factory, watermelon fields and cowsheds of Kibbutz Kfar Aza, Kember went home to write a play, his first. *Not Quite Jerusalem* was based on the life of the volunteers who come to participate in the great socialist experiment, escape dominating parents, have a romance with an exotic Israeli, and get a free vacation in the sunny Mediterranean. Kember chronicles the often comic adventures of the volunteers who pay their own way to Israel and work for nothing in return for half of a shack, lots of plain but nutritious food, one day off a week, and the right to a few "necessities."

Three weeks after *Not Quite Jerusalem* opened in London's Royal Court, a theatre funded by the Arts Council to showcase new playwrights, Kember got a call from Gilbert.

"He asked me to adapt my play for the screen," said Kember, clutching the unimpeachable version of the script. He was seated on the expansive green lawn that separates Grofit's communal clubhouse and dining room from the stucco four-unit apartments allotted married couples.

"He didn't waste words. He said he wanted to begin shooting the following September and open seven months later. He had it all set in his mind: I have to admit I thought he was crazy. I'd just managed to get my first play produced, and here I was writing a movie."

"It seemed to me that all the odds were stacked against me, but, with Lewis's help, and much perseverance, I came up with the script. It

# Improbable kibbutznik

Joanna Pacula had little contact with Jews before coming to Israel to play a sabra kibbutznik in a new movie. But the actress comes from a town in Poland which was a major Jewish centre before World War II. PEARL MILLER reports.



wasn't easy. I'll never forget flying to Paris, where Lewis was then working with the first draft. Not only was it 250 pages long but, after reading the first page, Lewis looked horrified. "Do you really think this is funny?" he asked.

Gilbert, who had toured Israel for two weeks after directing the first of his three James Bond movies (*You Only Live Twice*, *The Spy Who Loved Me*, *Moonraker*), changed the play's direction. Kember had looked at the kibbutz experience through purely British eyes, and emphasized the contrast between "the Israelis' positive way of looking at their country and future, and England's depressing obsession with the past, the wars, the empire and how bloody great we were."

Having visited a kibbutz or two, Gilbert felt that, as a film, *Not Quite Jerusalem* had something better going for it, something "that is difficult to find these days."

"Here you have young people of different races and religions who come from all over the world and merge into one system," explained the veteran of more than 300 features. "It's not about street kids or violence, but all of these things come into it."

Gilbert had Kember pare down his British characters to an army veteran who had served in Ireland (Ewan Stewart), two unemployed street kids from the lower middle class (McNally and Strohmer), and a recent nervous breakdown (Cadell). He added composites of the various volunteers from other countries who had also worked on Kfar Aza. They include: an American Christian who falls in love with kibbutznik Pacula (played by 22-year-old Sam Robards, son of Jason Robards and Lauren Bacal); a gung-ho American Zionist (Graff); four Finns, a fat Swede, a giggling Japanese, a meditative Indian. To round out the comedy-romance, Kember and Gilbert introduced some action in the form of a fire at the communal nursery, and a terrorist attack.

Despite Gilbert's good intentions, *Not Quite Jerusalem* did not get started that September as promised.

"Columbia's Frank Price and Marvin Antowski did such a fantastic job of promoting *Educating Rita*, which was really an unknown quantity, that Julie Walters and I were constantly on the go," recalled the 64-year-old Gilbert, relaxed and articulate. The result of the delay was that, by the time casting began, *Gorky Park* had opened in London.

PACULA is no stranger to spectacular professional breaks. At 17 she took a bus from her hometown to Warsaw, auditioned with 450 others

"LEWIS WAS the first director to call me," remembered Pacula, who made her Western film debut in the romantic thriller as the love interest of both William Hurt and Lee Marvin. Gilbert didn't give Pacula any details about the part he had in mind for her - not that it would have mattered. The product of a small eastern Polish resort town, the actress had never heard of a kibbutz before she went to the United States just two years ago.

A graduate of Warsaw's drama school, a member of a Polish repertory company, star of nine TV movies and feature films, Pacula had been vacationing in Paris when martial law was imposed on Poland in December 1982. The theatre and cinema industry ground to an immediate and indefinite halt. Rather than join the ranks of her unemployed colleagues, Pacula headed for New York where her purse was stolen and with it her passport. It would take the Polish Embassy sixteen months to issue new documents. Stranded, Pacula moved in to a friend's apartment and began to watch television. Three months later she was speaking English. Although she had no formal training in the language, the sounds were familiar - like most Poles, she had grown up on a diet of American movies and TV sitcoms which are as often subtitled as dubbed. She was tested for *Gorky Park* after a French journalist mentioned her plight to Roman Polanski, who knew that the producers Howard Koch, Jr. and Gene Kirkwood were desperately looking for a beautiful, experienced Eastern European lead actress.

"As soon as I read the script of *Not Quite Jerusalem*, I knew it would be a wonderful opportunity for me," said Pacula, keeping cool between scenes in her air-conditioned trailer. With her was Koch, her live-in boyfriend since the fateful *Gorky Park* screen test. Now working for Rastar in New York, Koch had just jetted in from New York to visit Pacula - and Gilbert, for whom his father produced *Alfie*.

"This is comedy," continued Pacula, speaking better English than that of the kibbutznik she plays. "*Gorky Park* was heavy drama. Also, instead of working in 20 below zero Finland, we are in 100 above zero Israel."

PACULA is no stranger to spectacular professional breaks. At 17 she took a bus from her hometown to Warsaw, auditioned with 450 others

for drama school, and landed one of the 22 positions though she had no previous acting experience. The next year, in order to earn some pocket money, she tried out for a movie and was handed the lead. That film was so successful that Polish TV put her in a six-hour mini-series. Later, despite the fact that she spoke no Rumanian, she was brought to Bucharest to star in an epic motion picture spanning 16 years in the life of a young woman. By the time Pacula headed for Paris, she had with her the address of Roman Polanski, who had seen her on stage in Warsaw, and who introduced her to Miles Forman. It was Forman who suggested she try her luck in New York.

The script requires Pacula to have all the idiosyncracies of a sabra. As a bona fide kibbutznik, she rides a horse, drives a tractor, and shows great disdain for anything Jewish (as opposed to Israeli).

Prodded by tanned, trim 40-ish Koch, who looks like he's on his way to a tennis match in Palm Springs, the reticent Pacula explains that she comes from Tomaszow Lublinski, a town that was mostly Jewish before World War II. Because the majority managed to escape across the border into the Soviet Union before the Germans invaded, she had only minimal contact with Jews before meeting up with the U.S. film industry. "But I've learned a lot since being here," said Pacula. "And some people say I even look Jewish."

GILBERT HAS a history of trying new faces. It begins with Susannah York (*Loss of Innocence*), and includes Michael Caine (*Alfie*) and, more recently, Julie Walters (*Educating Rita*). "I like newcomers," he explained. "They work harder, and you cast them for all the right reasons, not because they have a name which will sell. Joanna was my first and only choice for this role. I have the same good feeling about her as I had about Julie (Walters). Also I believe that people go to the movies today for the subject matter, not the stars. There are an amazing number of failures starring big names. That's because so many films are made for purely monetary reasons. It's the decisions that are usually photographed in Hollywood, not the films. Very often I've been offered large sums of money to direct strange scripts financed only to create packages. Once the production gets underway, no one is interested anymore."

Irreverently, he added: "The most successful films these days are the ones Hollywood doesn't really want. Either they star an actor like Shirley McLaine who is considered "way past it," or they have a way-out story line such as *Risky Business*, *Splash* and *Chariots of Fire*. Because the studios prefer to finance play-safe subjects, only a minority of the movies made each year are off-beat. But because making off-beat records is such "risky business" (he smiled at this word-play), they tend to be of the highest standard."

Gilbert, who began his cinema career as a child actor, and scored his first international hit with *Sink the Bismark* (1960), prefers directing small films "where acting and characters are the most important elements." He likes adapting plays for screen (both *Alfie* and *Rita* began life on the London stage: "At least that way you begin with one precious thing, which is good dialogue." He believes that the director and writer must be in tune with each other to make a successful film.

He is well organized; none of his pictures has ever exceeded its budget or shooting schedule. But at the same time Gilbert rarely works more than an eight-hour day: "I don't think actors can act under too much stress. Filmmaking should be a very enjoyable, thoughtful process."

The shooting schedule of *Not Quite Jerusalem* is based on two months of work at an efficient but not breakneck pace. Under the guidance of Israfilim, which earlier this year provided services for *Little Drummer Girl* and *The Best Defense*, cast and crew move from the sands of Eliat (exterior of Kibbutz Grofit, Kibbutz Elot, and the Roded melon fields), to Jerusalem, the Nebi Mussa monastery (terrorist sequences), and Mikve Israel Agricultural School (kibbutz interiors).

IN RECENT years, Gilbert has produced most of his own films. "It's better that way," he said, recalling how he had to buy *Educating Rita* back from Columbia Pictures, which had originally purchased the film rights as a vehicle for him. The two sides parted ways after Columbia announced plans to transform the very British story into a large-budget American picture which would star Dolly Parton.

"If I'm tied to a distribution company which doesn't like my end product, it's lost, forever down the drain."

Gilbert created Acorn Pictures several years ago with his producer Bill Cartledge and his executive producer Herbert Oakes. Backed by some of the largest insurance companies and pension funds in the world, Acorn began with enough capital to make three pictures. The first, the low-budget *Educating Rita*, netted the British Academy's top three awards, three Oscar nominations and what Gilbert likes to call the Westminster Bank Prize - a euphemism for healthy profits.

Acorn's second project is the \$7,000,000 *Not Quite Jerusalem* which, of all the foreign features shot locally in the past year, presents the most sympathetic portrait of Israeli life. Paradoxically, among Acorn's top investors is a Kuwaiti company.

The thought amuses Gilbert, who thinks there should be a little comedy in every successful situation. Indeed, who can help but find humour in the fact that Arab money is helping to finance a film about something so Israeli as a kibbutz, where the star of the film, Joanna Pacula, who plays the quintessential sabra, is the national of a country which doesn't even have diplomatic relations with Jerusalem.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

## POST PULLOUT GUIDE

### The Poster

#### ENTERTAINMENT

##### Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians (Pargal, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 11 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD - Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present (Lafayette Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM - Stories by the famous Yiddish writer performed in English (Hilbut, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

CABARET - Music, circus acts, commedia dell'arte, satire (in English), Rumada Renaissance Hotel, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

THE COUNTRY FOLKS - Folk music, dances and country, with 3 voices and 2 guitars. (Pargal, tomorrow at 11.30 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE - Taste of Israel Dancers. Pe'ot Simcha folkdancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

IVRY GITLIS AND FRIENDS - World-renowned violinist hosts singers, dancers and musicians participating in the Israel Festival. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 11 p.m., Tuesday at 2.30 p.m., Thursday at 10 p.m.)

JACOB'S LADDER - Traditional and protest songs. (Pargal, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m., Monday at 11.30 p.m.)

JAZZ - With the Freddie Weigall Trio. (Hilbut, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ - Freddie Weigall, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabulus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - Hasidic mek with Selah. (Israel Centre, 10 Strauss, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

NAGANI BROTHERS ORCHESTRA - Classical music of India. (Pargal, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

POWERPLAY - Or: A Day in the Arms Race. Through caricatures. (Khan, Monday at 10.30 p.m.)

##### CHILDREN AND YOUTH

##### Jerusalem

AN ADVENTURE IN JERUSALEM - Puppet theatre for all ages. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

BOND STREET THEATRE COALITION - Pantomime, movement, masks, acrobatics, etc. (Israel Museum, today at 11.30 a.m.; Khan, today at 2 and 8.30 p.m.)

FABLES - (Train Theatre, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO - Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

MINI CIRCUS - Acrobats, clowns, bearded lady, lion-tamer. (Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday at 7.30 p.m.)

OUISSE - Shadow puppet show. (YMCA, Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 11 p.m.)

RACHELI - Puppet theatre for age 4 and above. Rachel's magical journey. (Train Theatre, Wednesday at 11.30 a.m.)

THE SHAKESPEARE PARTY - Circus acrobatics, music, scenes from Shakespeare's plays (in English). (Israel Museum, Billy Rose, Sunday at 5.30 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

BLACK VELVET - Irish folk music. (Old Jaffa, Hasmith, tonight at midnight)

CRY THE FUNNY COUNTRY - Satire with Sefi Ratkin and others. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, Wednesday at 10.30 p.m.)

DON'T SHOOT - I'M A PACIFIST - A cabaret from the Thirties. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, Monday, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

DUDU TOPAZ - Satire evening. (Ramat Gan, Orka, tonight at 10 p.m.; Rehovot, Mofet, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

FIND A GOOD WOMAN - Musical with risqué songs about a bride and groom. (Beit Leislin, tonight, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS - By Moti Giladi. Singing, dancing and acting. (Beit Hahyal, Wednesday at 9.45 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER - Programme of humour and satire. (Nahmani, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

JAZZ - Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Plamentia, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kling, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Piz, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO - Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, Il Drucci, Zipora Ben-Yehuda. (Don Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

MATTIYAHU AND ALEXANDER - Music by Sashu Argov. Presented by Matti Cosp. (Neve Zedek, Tuesday at 10 p.m.)

NURIT GALRON - Programme of songs. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 10.15 a.m.)

OVER AND BEYOND - Parapsychology with Oded Teomi. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 9.45 p.m.)

PANTOMIME EVENING - Shimon Apatony. (ZOA House, 1 Frick, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

RICHARD CLAYDERMAN - Mellow piano songs. (Mann Auditorium, today at 2.30 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR - With well-known musicians. (Beit Leislin, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

##### Others

RICHARD CLAYDERMAN - (Cuesera, Amphitheatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

##### Jerusalem

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL - French flautist. With Jonathan Zak, piano. (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 9 p.m.)

BRIGHT YOUNG UNIVERSITY CHOIR (USA) - Conductor Ralph Woodward. A cappella works by Palestrina, Handel, Bruckner, Poulenc and others. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, today at 2.30 p.m.)

IYO POGORELICH - Yugoslav pianist. Works by Bach, Mozart, Chopin. (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 4 p.m.); Works by Chopin, Prokofiev. (Binyanei Ha'uma, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

ORGAN AND VIOLIN RECITAL - Ulrich Stuers and Susanne Rybak (Germany). Works by Telemann, Vivaldi, Handel, Bach, Corelli, Marcello and others. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, today, Sunday, Monday, at 4.30 p.m.)

LA PIETRA DEL PARAGONE - By Rosini. By the Teatro Alla Scala (Italy). Production in Italian. (Binyanei Ha'uma, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

L'ILE DE TULIPAN - By Les Musiciens de France. A mad opera by Offenbach. (Gerard Behar Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Sunday at 5 p.m.)

CAROLYN CARLSON - Solo programme. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 6 p.m.)



The Bond Street Theater Coalition (USA), are giving various performances, during the week in Jerusalem.

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

##### Jerusalem

CLAIRE BLOOM (England) - One-woman show portraying Shakespearean heroines (in English). (Khan, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

FUJIO ISHIMARU (Japan) - Theatrical arts and pantomime, a blend of Japanese traditions. (Israel Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JUBILEE - Khan production. A musical play taking place in a Jewish cemetery in Germany in 1983. (Khan, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

A PETITION DEL PUBLICO (REQUEST CONCERT) - By Teatro Drama (Venezuela). The alienated woman in the city of today (without words). (Khan, Sunday at 9 p.m., Monday at 6 p.m., Tuesday at 2.30 p.m., Wednesday at 11 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

CRAZY SPOILING - Comedy by Eyal Ajur. Produced and directed by Niki Niki. (Old Jaffa, Hasmith, tonight at 10 p.m., midnight)

DESIRE - Habimah production. A couple in crisis act out an English social comedy. (Habimah, Small Hall, Sunday, Monday at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE DOLL'S HOUSE - By Ibsen. Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

##### MUSIC

##### Jerusalem

THE AMADEUS TRIO - String ensemble. With Pinna Saltzman, piano. Works by Mozart. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.); Beethoven, Mozart (Sunday).

THE ISRAEL TRIO - Alexander Volkov, piano; Menachem Breuer, violin; Marcel Bergman, cello. With Eli Eban, clarinet. Works by Mozart, Stravinsky, Brahms. (YMCA, Sunday)

BAROQUE CONCERT - Miriam Meltzer, soprano; Idit Shemer, flute, recorder; Yossi Boazson, cello; David Shemer, harpsichord. Works by Purcell, Handel, Bach and others. (Tzavta, Monday)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Shalom Ronly-Riklis. Soloists Ivry Gitlis, violin; Mischa Malsky, cello, 3 Beethoven concertos. (Binyanei Ha'uma, Monday)

ORGAN AND TRUMPET RECITAL - Gert Stuers and David Tasa (Germany). Works by Mozart, Hummel, Bach, Eben, Albin, Vivaldi and others. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, Tuesday through Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

"ETNAHTA" - Victor Derovianko, piano. Works by Tchaikovsky, Musorgsky. (YMCA, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor Myung Whun Chung. Soloist Yo Ma, cello. Works by Hindemith, Elgar, Schumann. (Binyanei Ha'uma, Thursday)

"DON REDD, GORS ROUND AND ROUND" - By Shalom Aleichem (in Yiddish). (ZOA House, 1 Frick, tomorrow, Wednesday at 9 p.m., Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

EXISTENCE AND ENTERTAINMENT - Satirical cabaret. Lyrics by Yonathan Geffen, music by Shlomo Gronich. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

INTIMACY - By Sartre. Habimah production. Two women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hasmith, tonight at 10 p.m., Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

JUBILER - (Beit Leislin, Monday at 9 p.m.)

LIES - Cameri production. Friendship between two families. (Cameri, tomorrow, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

PILLAR OF WOOD - Selection of political satire. Produced by the Tzavta Theatre. (Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m., midnight)

QUARTET FOR TWO - Selection of love excerpts from plays by Beckett, Pinter, Wilde and others. (in English). (Imperial Hotel, 68 Hayarkon, tonight at 10 p.m.)

SATAN IN MOSCOW - By Mikhail Bulgakov. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. A satire. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

PIANO AND CELLO RECITAL - Albin Sternfeld and Andrea Polony. Works by Bach, Brahms. (Old City, Redeemer Church, Thursday)

##### Tel Aviv area

CELLO AND PIANO RECITAL - Uri and Arnan Wiesel. Works by Brahms, Prokofiev, Mendelssohn. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

CLASS TRIO - With Lini Wolnermann, flute; Ofra Simon, piano. Works by Bach, Ibert, Mozart, Chamblande. (Jaffa, Immanuel Church, 9 Beer Hoffman, tomorrow)

IVO POGORELICH - (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow, Tuesday)

HOMAGE TO JERUSALEM - Brass Quartet. Givataim. Soloists Cilla Clossmeyer, soprano; Yurda Nisli, piano. Works by Bach, Monteverdi, Gliboe, Lavry, Medek and others. (Givataim, Beit Alon, 8 Eliat, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Soloist and director Mischa Malsky, cello; Lena Yaacobson, piano; Yitzhak Reuven, violin. Works by Bach, Schubert, Haydn. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday)

BRIGHT YOUNG UNIVERSITY CHOIR - (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor Myung Whun Chung. Soloist Yo Ma, cello. Works by Hindemith, Elgar, Schumann. (Binyanei Ha'uma, Thursday)

A WOMAN ALONE - By Simone de Beauvoir. Mono-drama. Beit Leislin production. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 10 p.m., tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

CAVIALE E LENTICCHIE - Neapolitan comedy. Habimah production. (Habimah Theatre, tomorrow, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

GHETTO - (Habimah Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Habimah Theatre, Sunday, Monday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

'NIGHT MOTHER - Cameri production. A mother-daughter relationship. (Habimah Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE POISON MUSHROOM - By Brecht. Musical adapted from documents from Nazi Germany. (Wadi Salib Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

##### Others

CITY SUGAR - A Beersheba Municipal Theatre/Yuvaf production. The story of a popular radio announcer. (Givataim Theatre, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

'NIGHT MOTHER - (Beersheba Theatre, tomorrow through Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

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Jerusalem Cinemas advertisement featuring various film listings, theater programs, and a car advertisement for Mercedes-Benz.



TO SAY THAT restaurant criticism is a matter of taste is putting it mildly. Many of the time I have gone somewhere on the recommendation of one of my readers, only to be sadly disappointed. But there have even been cases when the complete opposite was true. A reader had asked me to try a restaurant in order to see for myself just how bad it was, and I went away quite satisfied.

In any case, the opening of a new Chinese restaurant in Jerusalem is by now no reason for great excitement. But when a friend told me how delighted she had been with it, I felt I had to try it as soon as possible. Chung Kong, at 17 Rehov Yafa, near the Old City, is your more elegant type of Chinese restaurant.

The menu is also quite nice at first glance, but a closer perusal left me rather uninspired. There seem to be about eight basic sauces and one may order any item, chicken, fish or whatever, in one of these standard varieties. By the time I got to the third page of the menu, I was bored. Be that as it may, I opened my

## Switching sauces

MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

meal with an egg roll, something I usually disdain, but which had been specially recommended to me. I was not sorry. The egg roll, rather larger than is customary and almost square in shape, looked to me like a sort of Chinese bureka. But when I bit into it, I found it particularly tasty, with the lightest and crispest of wrappings and the vegetables inside perfectly seasoned.

On the table were three bowls containing three different sauces: a goosy red, sweet sauce; hot pepper sauce; and soy sauce. But these were not needed. There was also a small bowl of pickled vegetables, sprinkled with toasted sesame seeds.

My companion was not so lucky. She ordered hot and sour soup, which was peppery, but seemed to

lack any other quality, except for a rather burnt taste, as if the pot had been left too long on the fire. This was a pity, because the soup contained crisp vegetables that should have been quite tasty.

For our main courses, we chose first of all a dish of duck with celery, marked "spicy" on the menu. Here, the sauce was excellent, well seasoned without actually being too hot, and the vegetables very well cooked. The duck, on the other hand, seemed rather tasteless and uninteresting.

Another item, shrimp in garlic sauce, was just the opposite. The shrimp were very good and well cooked; but the sauce, a sort of gluey, pink creation, left a most unpleasant bitter after-taste, as if

one of its ingredients was overcooked tomato paste. Nevertheless, these dishes were absolutely beautiful in their presentation. Each came adorned with its own little vegetable sculpture, a rabbit made out of a tomato, a radish transformed into not just a rose, but a chrysanthemum.

But the best main dish was a vegetarian one that I had ordered for the sake of variety: cabbage with dry red pepper. It was, of course, quite hot, but the pepper was offset by a delicate sauce with just a hint of sugar and vinegar, which brought out the flavour of the cabbage.

The steamed rice was quite cold. We did not order dessert, but we were lucky enough to have a taste of the restaurant's version of fried banana, which I must say was very, very good.

The bill, including an unlimited supply of fragrant tea and a bottle of local beer, came to IS6,300. I think one can do far better in Jerusalem, and Tel Aviv for that matter, for far less.

CABBAGE is such a common vegetable that we often forget just how good it can be, especially if we take the trouble, as the Chinese often do, to plunge it into boiling water for a minute or two and then rinse it with cold water (a process known as blanching, which heightens the colour, texture and flavour).

For a pleasant, not too peppery, cabbage dish, use about half a fresh green cabbage, cut into squares of about 2 cm. After blanching, set these aside and cook up a sauce by frying a finely-chopped clove of garlic with a chopped green pepper and about a teaspoon of chopped ginger (or dry ground ginger if you must). When the aroma starts to rise, add half a teaspoon of sugar, half a teaspoon of salt, a tablespoon of vinegar and a little white wine.

When this boils, add half a teaspoon of cornflour which has been dissolved in a quarter cup of cold water. After the sauce thickens, add the cabbage and cook for a minute or two, until it is covered with the sauce and heated through.

## Wayne rides East

TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

I HAVE always had a very soft spot for Westerns as a form of escapism. Their plots are generally far more complex than those of their main competitors, thrillers, and their makers often try to develop characters in depth. So I was grateful to Israel Television for giving us John Ford's 1966 film, *The Searchers*, on Friday night.

Unfortunately, it was not a very good example of the genre. The plot was frail, and John Wayne did not act as impeccably as usual. The theme was the search by him and a young companion for a young girl kidnapped by Indians. In the process of the hunt, Wayne expresses his pathological hatred of the dirty Redskins, and he makes many of them bite the dust; we also saw the ferocious destruction by American troops of an Indian camp, the massacre of many of its inhabitants and the driving off of the survivors.

Earlier I used the word "escapism" in relation to Westerns, but it certainly was not apt on Friday night: this film did not take us far from the revolting reality of our day. Whether by design or coincidence, the film followed a Friday night magazine devoted largely to Jewish terrorism. It was impossible to avoid comparing Wayne's wild West with Levinger's wilder East. Anybody who has ever been in the territories will have noticed how everyone, even children, pucker an Uzzi like Wayne carried a Colt.

David Ben-Gurion once said that the Mandate was not our Bible but the Bible was our mandate; this has been supplemented to the Bible plus the Uzzi providing our title to extra sections of the Promised Land.

These horrifying thoughts were given added force by a remarkable interview which provided the Magazine with a rare scoop. Academic Gideon Aran penetrated Gush Emunim by pretending to be one of them, and he compiled 1,500 pages of field notes. His revelations were hair-raising. The Gush's spiritual mentor was not satisfied with the 1967 territorial gains: he wanted to attain every inch of the territories promised to Abraham and his seed in Genesis. This means that it will not be good enough to drive two million Indians - sorry, I mean the Arabs - into Arab lands somewhere to the east of the Jordan river, as we thought the Gush plan is: our fundamentalists' aim is to annex those areas also, right up to the Euphrates. The Arabs will have to be deported to India.

Utter nonsense? Of course it is, but terrifying because it is nonsense backed with the power of the Word, the gun and the dynamite.

Some readers may remember that marvellous film, *Dr. Strangelove*, in which the physicist rides his nuclear bomb, whooping merrily, like an Indian on the warpath, towards the ultimate Armageddon. Our own Dr. Strangelove was in action, on the magazine, where he defended the Jewish terrorists for their attacks on the Arab mayors. I was amazed that he conceded that the design to blow up the buses was over-zealous. He certainly sounded like John Wayne on the subject of the Redskins.

Then came Shlomo Hillel MK, certainly no dove, to express his outrage at the limitations of the Government comments on the underground. How right Hillel was! From the prime minister down, all

the condemnations have paid only obligatory lip-service to the immorality of Jewish terrorism, have been more concerned with the folly of the terrorists' designs for practical reasons, and the impropriety of taking the law into one's own hands. All these leaders went to great pains to justify the underlying philosophy of the annexation by force of other people's lands.

When Defence Minister Moshe Arens was interviewed by Moshe Shlonsky after the publication of the Zorea Commission's findings, he condemned most forcefully the killing of the two Arab terrorists by the soldiers in whose hands they were held captive. Then Shlonsky pressed him to explain how such a thing could happen. Arens thought for a moment, and then said that it was hard for anyone who, like himself, was not on the spot, to answer. It might be said, he went on, that it was a night of extreme tension, that there was a danger of the bus being exploded, and that a young girl had been killed, but he concluded that nothing said could provide any excuse. It seemed to me that the mere enumeration by him of these possible answers sapped all the strength from his moral condemnation. But it must have been hard for him to admit that something has gone very sour in Israel, under the present government.

I think this is the real reason for my dislike of the regime. I could forgive them - while voting against them - for debasing our currency twice, for wrecking the economy, for converting the Israel Defence Forces into Sharon's Offence Forces, for involving us in a disastrous war. But what is beyond forgiveness is the havoc they have wreaked with our moral standards.

In this connection, all I could fathom from the great Liberal crisis and the premier's masterly solution to the problem was that the whole fight was about positions 45, 46 and 48 on the list compared to 46, 49 and 50 - I may have got my numbers wrong - and that at no stage was any principle or pretence of principle at stake. We know that power is the name of the game in politics, and we know of the candidate who thundered, "I take my stand on these principles, and if you don't like them, I'll produce other principles." Nevertheless, we do expect a certain gloss of moral attitudes, an appearance that beliefs are in issue, not just privileges and emoluments.

When Monday night's news began, I happened to be at my desk in *The Jerusalem Post* engaged in other work instead of watching television: I was relying on seeing the news later on video. A Mexican-born colleague came rushing up to me and said in a tone of great excitement, "The Zorea Commission has found that the Arab terrorists were bitten to death."

I was amazed, but it is a reflection of to what a pass we have been reduced that I was not incredulous: I found myself wondering while I worked how you bite somebody to death. Then I recalled that, when I was a boy reading Tarzan, the ape-man had a trick of getting a full nelson on his opponent - another gorilla, or a lion, or maybe a bad man - and then, if the creature did not *kapoda* ("surrender" in ape language), Tarzan would bite through the jugular vein. That, I assumed,

was how it must have been done.

Later, when I put on the tape, I was almost relieved to find that the terrorists had been beaten to death, not bitten, as I thought I had heard.

The report by Shlonsky, with the photography by *Ma'ariv* photographer Shmuel Rachmani, is one that will live in our memory. Both Haim Yavin and Shlonsky handled the situation with great skill.

Arens derived some measure of consolation from the fact that Israel did appoint a commission of inquiry to get at the truth, and did publish the findings, however unpalatable. It seemed to me that he should also investigate the conduct of the censor, who not only tried to suppress the truth and the photograph, but even condemned David Shipler of the *New York Times* for disregarding the ban. An apology to Shipler appears to be due.

AS IF ALL these horrors were not enough to make this one of the gloomiest weeks in our history, Ram Evron devoted most of *This is the Time* to revelations about the dangers of a new law the Coalition is about to pass to hand over our lives, our wives, our children and our property entirely into the hands of the religious courts, without even the desperate recourse of an appeal to the Supreme Court. This law was the subject of a stormy conference organised by Na'amat on the previous day.

To show us the danger of giving such vast powers to the obscurantists - they already have great control of personal law, but at least there is an appeal possible - Evron brought to us a young woman named Ora Nagar, her 12-year-old son Elad, and Hania Ben-Gai, the legal adviser to Na'amat.

The tragic story of Ora is calculated to make anyone want to declare war on organised religion. Her husband, allegedly addicted to LSD and heroin, suddenly became a dedicated reader of the Bible. He did not observe the Sabbath, but he would do nothing else but read the Bible. The couple were divorced, and the wife got the custody. The father, after taking no interest in the children for four years, suddenly insisted that they must go to a religious school. The rabbinical courts ruled that, according to Halacha, the father must decide on the education of the children, and that he was quite right about their need to go to a religious school. Poor Elad, the son, gave a very sad description of his relationship with his father.

Hania Ben-Gai explained that the religious courts go according to Halacha, and not according to accepted norms of shared responsibility by the parents or consideration of what the children want or what is in their best interests.

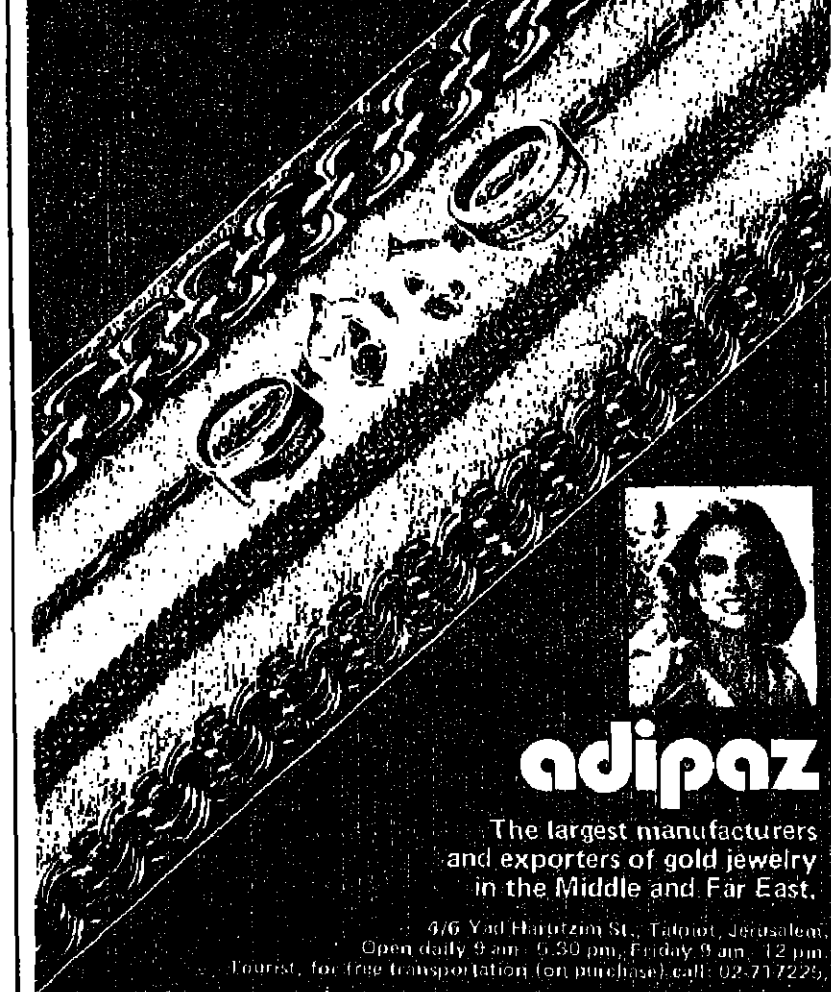
After this we heard a description of life and attitudes among the ultra-Orthodox from Avraham Schwartz, who had been in that camp but had emerged from darkness into light. He is still Orthodox, but in an ordinary sort of way - in a month, he goes into the IDF. He said that he feels like a soul redeemed. According to him, the ultra-Orthodox are determined to impose their interpretation of God's will on all the people of Israel.

I UNDERSTAND that the telecast of the European Cup final on Wednesday night, in which we proved our independence of Jordan TV, was entirely due to the intervention of the Broadcasting Authority's new director-general, Uri Porat. In addition to apologising for all my previous doubts about him, I must assure Mr. Porat that, if he gives us the French Open tennis as well, I may end up voting Likud after all!

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- Midnight: *And the Ship Sails On*
- 3.6 at 5 pm: small hall
- Brussels by Night
- 6 pm: *Tales from the Vienna Woods*
- 10 pm: *Jacques Bret*
- 4.6 2pm-4pm: *Short Israeli Films*
- 8 pm: *La Trace*
- 5.6 at 2 pm: *Sally and Freedom*
- 3 pm: small hall
- Accidental Death of an Anarchist
- 4 pm: *Peppermint Peace*
- 6.6 at 8 pm: *Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?*
- 10.30 pm: *Glo City*
- 7.6 at 10 am: *Marathon of Animation from Eastern Europe*
- 9 pm: small hall
- 10 pm: *Rise and Fall*
- 8.6 9 am-2.30 pm: small hall *Orestes*
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**EXHIBITION**  
1. "The Jews of Kaifeng, Chinese Jews on the Banks of the Yellow River"

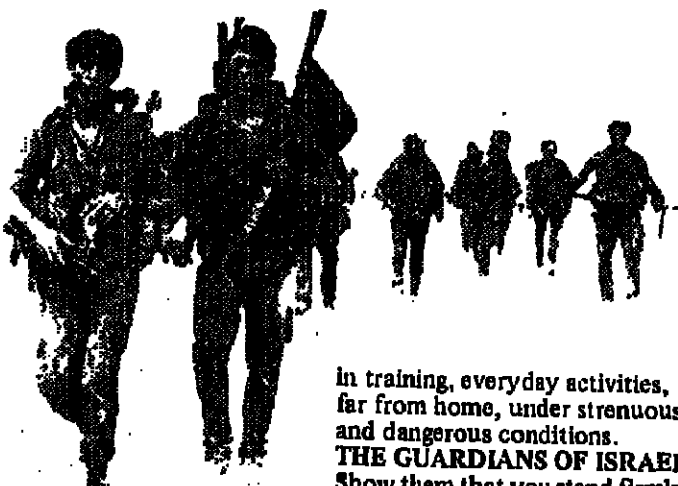
**JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE**  
"The Chosen" A special relationship between two Jewish boys from different backgrounds who live in New York. The time is the Second World War. The film is based on the book by Chaim Potok.  
Starring: Maximilian Schell, Rod Steiger, Robi Benson  
Directed by Paul Kagan. The film is in English with Hebrew and French subtitles. Monday, June 4 and Thursday, June 7 at 8.30 pm.  
Admission fee: IS600; for Members of Friends Association: IS400  
Courtesy of **בנק לאומי ומזכירות**

**EVENTS**  
1. "The Resistance and Rebellion of Algerian Jews during the Vichy Regime" A study evening. Participants: Michael Abitbol, Rabbi Abraham Hezan, Gitta Amipaz-Silber. Moderator: Yitzhak Bezalet  
Sunday, June 3, 1984 at 8.30 pm

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel-Aviv University (Gate 2), Kikar HaShalom, Ramat-Aviv; Tel.: 03-425161. Buses 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 49, 74, 79, 274.

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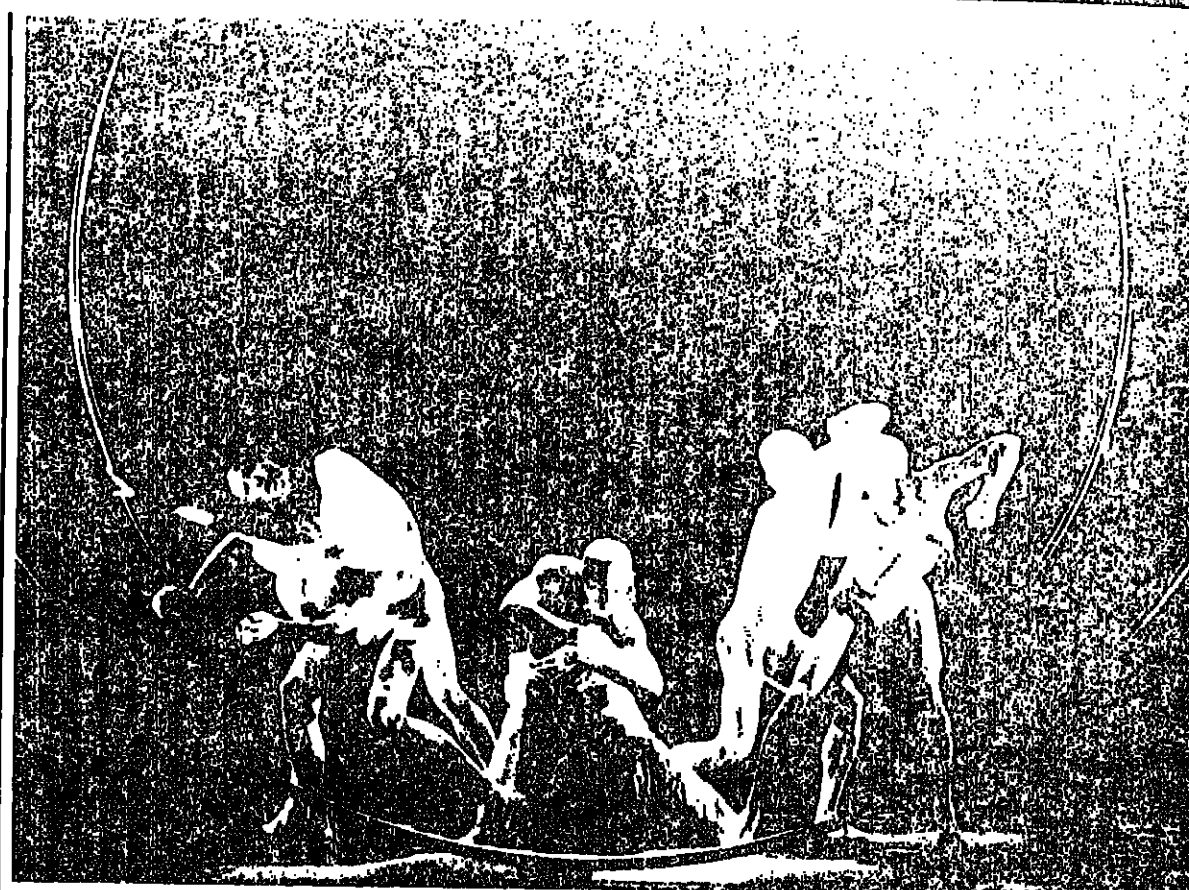
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## Visual challenge

NO ONE who saw the performance at the Mount Scopus amphitheatre on May 21 - and surely also at Caesarea on May 26 - is likely to forget the tremendous presentation. I have already called it the show of a lifetime, but it is difficult to describe the detail that made it so fascinating.

There was much in the idiom of *Sholiba* that the Sankai Juku company had already shown in *Kinkan Shonen* last year and in *Jomon Sho* earlier this week: the speaking hand movements; the smooth sliding progress; the descent down ropes with almost imperceptible pace; the grouping; the grace; the dignity, whether the dancers were dramatically garbed or wore only jockstraps. Yet *Sholiba*, like the other works produced and choreographed by Ushio Amagatsu, was a stunner.

In the open air, set against the Judean hills, the dancers walked above the pillars of the stage; moved along the steps in the auditorium; painted their faces, necks and heads white in the presence of the public and put on faceless masks.

While one of them (Amagatsu) blew through a mouthpiece fitted to a giant shell, the other four (Yoshiyuki Takada, Goro Nomura, Nijji Morita and Atsushi Ogata) conveyed a sense of ceremony. The constant drumming also maintained tension throughout the performance.

When Amagatsu stood on a platform in the middle of the audience with his arms outstretched and the others moved upwards towards him, the ritualistic effect was awesome. When they carried his collapsed form on a wooden board to the stage and he vibrated in an agony of motion, it was sensational. When they lit fires that spread along the outlines of the stage in a kind of valhalla - or was it Hiroshima - the sight was shattering. This was great creation and great performance.

**THE ABSENCE** of one dancer (through an accident) may have affected the symmetry of *Jomon Sho* (at the Jerusalem Theatre), but not the beauty of that performance.

Called *Honage* for Pre-History, some moves resembled those of fish and animals, but the essential in-

## DANCE

### Dora Sowden

terest lay in the human form.

Whether they played with giant metal rings or huge sheets of transparent plastic, the figures looked larger than life. From the moment that three of them came down ropes from the theatre flies to the perpetuum mobile of hands, arms, legs and bodies, the eye was fed with challenging imagery.

Sound was provided with great skill by Japanese percussionist Katanyuki Sato (who took a bow), but the incessant repetition created a monotony that, strangely, did not occur in *Sholiba*.

Although there is some philosophy in all Amagatsu's work, there was nothing verbal to "understand" in any of the Sankai Juku performances. It was more a matter of recognizing what was occurring onstage.

True, each performance achieved much of its appeal through technical excellence, in which the economy of movement came from concentrated command of every bone and muscle combined with extraordinary theatrical effects.

Yet the ultimate impact was emotional. That explains the unusual power of these performances.

**SEVEN ITEMS** by seven choreographers were presented under the "Stage for Dancers" umbrella at the Tel Aviv Museum on May 24 in cooperation with the Central Library for Music and Dance. Some promising works and their dancers showed a great deal of budding talent and testified to the usefulness of these occasions.

The series, initiated some time ago by Yemmy Atrium, then chairman of the Dance Library in Israel, was first called "The Fred Berk Stage for Dancers," in memory of the man who originated the idea during his frequent visits from New York.

For Rami Be'er's *In this Wind* (music: Mahler) the dancers came from the Kibbutz Company's Workshop. Though rather laboured in the duets for two couples, the piece

demonstrated notably good movement, as the title demands.

Nir Ben-Gal's *Sketches in Allegro* (music: Bach) had three dancers from the Kibbutz Studios making novel diagrammatic arm movements. However, the work lacked development.

Heziba Avraham's *Black Widow* (music: Bartok) danced by Avraham herself and Noam Peleg, is a spider's mating game. Elastic strands symbolizing a web was a good touch, but the strands should not have been parallel.

Alon Avidan's *Duet*, attractively danced by Raz Levi and Tami Wing was, in a decorous way, also a mating game, but its somewhat classical style seemed to beg for a ballerina on points.

Tamar Ben Ami's *Voices from Nature*, danced by students of the Menashe Studios, depicted animal movements. Here too, a pair lived off to play a game. (Ah, youth, youth!)

Arie Burstein's *Here is the News*, danced by the Butsheva II company, etched a contrast between a dancer limbering up at the barre and a modern group in casual wear. But the pan pipe playing was more interesting than the dance design.

Avi Lapidot's *Games for Two* (music: collage), from the Tel Aviv Dance Centre, though not quite jazz, trad, bop or pop, had a jolly swing.

**DALIA LOW**, the well-known Israeli Spanish dancer, has been asked to represent Israel at the International Zarzuela Seminar to be held in Madrid, June 13 to 18.

Sponsored by the International Theatre Institute (ITI) and the Central Spanish Theatre Institute, the seminar will deal with the Spanish lyric theatre in its popular expression through Zarzuela.

The aim is to make this form of Spanish performing art better known. Experts will conduct the sessions on music, dance and theatre.

Low, who has a studio for flamenco in Herzliya, is currently preparing a new programme of Spanish dance to be presented later this year.

And Israel will get a taste of Zarzuela during the Israel Festival.

## The Unblock

BRIDGE/George E. Levitrew

THE UNBLOCK, where an unnecessarily high card is played, to "get out of the way" of the hand opposite, is a distant cousin to the duck. It is a standard play in the technique of both declarer and defender. But a player can easily fail to unblock. That's what happened in our first two deals, from a pairs championship in the U.S.

**Deal 1**  
Vul: None  
North: ♠ A 9 4, ♥ Q 10 7 4, ♦ A 5 3, ♣ 10 3  
South: ♠ K 6 5, ♥ A J 9 6 5, ♦ 4, ♣ K 9 6

**East (D)**  
♠ J 10 8 2, ♥ 2, ♦ J 10 9 8 2, ♣ 7 5 2

**West**  
♠ Q 7 3, ♥ 8 3, ♦ K Q 7, ♣ A Q J 8 4

**The bidding:**  
East: Pass, South: 1♥, West: 2♣, North: 4♥

THE OPENING lead was a heart, won by South with the ace. Declarer counted on top six heart tricks, two spades and a diamond. To make his contract, he needed to win the club king. But West, for his overall, surely had the club ace. How could West be forced to lead club into the king?

Eliminating diamonds and hearts was the first order of the day. At the second trick a diamond was led to the ace, and a diamond return was ruffed high. Then a heart was won in dummy and another diamond was ruffed.

Next came the spade king. West neglected to unblock by playing the queen, so South could lead a spade to West's queen, and the latter had no choice but to lead into declarer's club king.

**Deal 2**  
Vul: E-W  
North (D): ♠ A Q 10 8 5, ♥ 8 7, ♦ A 10 7 4, ♣ 8 3  
West: ♠ 9 3, ♥ A Q 10 5 3 2, ♦ Q 2, ♣ J 9 5  
East: ♠ K J 7 6 4, ♥ J 6, ♦ 9 8, ♣ K 10 6 2  
South: ♠ 2, ♥ K 9 4, ♦ K 6 5 3, ♣ A Q 7 4

**The bidding:**  
North: Pass, East: Pass, South: 1♦, West: 2♥, North: 3♣, East: All Pass

AGAIN WE HAVE the failure of a defender to unblock. The spade nine was the opening lead. Declarer counted, as winners, one spade, five diamonds (if the queen dropped), and two clubs (if the finesse worked). One more trick was needed. Judging by the opening lead, the spade finesse was unlikely to work. So the heart king would have to be a trick. Should it be finessed by leading towards it, or could West be forced to lead the suit in an end play? Declarer decided to play it both ways.

The first eight tricks were won as follows: spade ace, club queen, trump, trump, club ace, club ruffed, spade ruffed, club ruffed. At this point a heart was led from dummy. Declarer was ready to play the king. To East the heart six was an unimportant card, and so it was played. The heart nine by South forced West to win with the jack. He had left only hearts and declarer was able to make the king. Had East unblocked by playing his with the jack on the first heart lead, declarer would have been set.

**Deal 3**  
Vul: E-W  
North: ♠ Q 5 4, ♥ A K 6, ♦ 7 6 3, ♣ K J 10 6  
West: ♠ 6 3 2, ♥ Q J, ♦ Q J 10 9 8 2, ♣ A Q  
East (D): ♠ K 10 9 8 7, ♥ J 10 9 8 5 2, ♦ J, ♣ 8 5  
South: ♠ A J, ♥ 7 4 3, ♦ A 5 4, ♣ 9 7 4 3 2

**The bidding:**  
East: Pass, South: 1NT, West: 1♠, North: 2♠, East: 3♠, South: 4♠, West: All Pass

WE NOW have a deal where declarer successfully unblocked in

order to make his contract. The opening lead was the diamond king to South's ace. Declarer counted as winners spades, two hearts and a diamond. He needed four club tricks to make his contract. This required a successful club finesse. For the second trick a club was led, won by West with the ace. On this declarer made a far-sighted play. He unblocked with the jack! This assured him of an entry to his hand. West won two top diamonds and exited with a spade to the jack. A club was led with the king capturing the queen. This made South's job easier. Clubs were run to the diagrammed position:

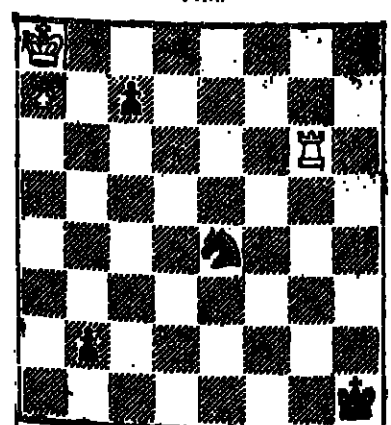
Declarer had entered his hand by overtaking the club six with the club nine. He needed to do this to execute the criss-cross squeeze. Now came the club seven, and East had

no defence. A heart was discarded from dummy. If East discards a heart declarer crosses over to the heart ace and king, and crosses back to his hand with spade ace to make the heart three. If East discards a spade, South plays the spade ace and crosses over to the ace-king of hearts, and ends with the winning spade queen.

## CHESS

### Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3175  
H. MATTISON, USSR  
1930



White to play and draw (3-4)  
**SOLUTIONS.** Problem No. 3173 (Platov). 1.f7 Qe5! 2.Ra8 Kb3! 3.Ra3! Ka3 4.f8Q Kb3 5.Qb4! Kb4 6.d4 Kb5 7.de. and wins.

**BEERSHEBA ASSURED OF VICTORY**  
BEERSHEBA assured its victory in the First Division with a technical

win in the 8th round when Kiryat Sprinzak failed to appear for the match. The result gave Beersheba an unsurmountable lead of 6½ points.

Rishon LeZion Feldklein retained second place by beating Hadera Hapoel, 4-2. Haifa Technion ASA beat Jerusalem ASA, 3½-2½, and Ramat Gan beat Rehovot Hapoel with the same result. Tel Aviv ASA and Tel Aviv Youth Centre parted in a 3-3 draw.

Overall standings before the final round: Beersheba, 37; Feldklein, 30½; Tel Aviv ASA, 29½; Ramat Gan, 24; Jerusalem ASA and Tel Aviv Youth Centre, 21½; Hadera and Haifa ASA, 21; Rehovot, 18½; Kiryat Sprinzak, 14 points. The final round will be held on June 9.

**WEEKEND TOURNAMENT**  
JORGE CUELLAR of Kibbutz Haogen emerged the winner of the Shefayim weekend tournament, garnering a full 5 points in the five rounds. Tied for second were Arich Lurie of Neve Ilan, Yehuda Herman of Beit Keshet, Arnon Paz of Einat and Galai Sharir of Shoval with 4 points each. Fifty-three players took part in the event.

The Kibbutzim Junior Championship was won by Avner Zaimor of Mefalsim with 5 points out of 7

games. Runner-up was Arnon Halamish of Lahav with 4½ points.

**ISRAEL CHAMPIONSHIP 1984**  
TWO FORMER Israel champions, Shimon Kagan and Natan Birnboim, met in the 7th round, producing an exciting encounter.

**S.KAGAN** 1.e4 c5 2.Nc3 Nc6 3.Nge2 Nf6 4.g3 d5 5.ed5 Nd5 6.Bg2 Be6 7.0-0 Qd7 8.Ne4 b6 9.d4 cd4 10.Nd4 Nd4 11.Qd4 Rd8 12.ad Nc7 13.Qc3 Nd5 14.Qd4 Nc7 15.Qd7 Bd7 16.a5 e5 17.ab6 ab6 18.Rd1 Nb5 19.Be3 f5 20.Bb6 Rb8 21.Nc5 Be8 22.Be6 Kf7 23.Na4 Ba6 24.c4 Nd6 25.Be7 Rb8 26.Bd5 Kf6 27.Bd6 Be4 28.Be4 Re4 29.Bf8 Rf8 30.Nb6. Black resigns.

**A.GUNSBERG L.LEDERMAN** 1.e4 c5 2.Nf3 d6 3.d4 cd4 4.Nd4 Nf6 5.Nc3 a6 6.Be2 e5 7.Nb3. Be7 8.Be3 0-0 9.a4 Be6 10.0-0 Nbd7 11.f3 Rb8 12.a5 Qc7 13.Nc1 Qc6 14.N1a2 d5 15.ed5 Bd5 16.Nd5 Nd5 17.Bf2 Be5 18.Bd3 Nf6 19.Qe1 Rf6 20.B3 Nf4 21.Bf5 e4 22.fed4 Ne4 23.Be4 Re4 24.Qd1 Re2. White resigns.

**N.BIRNBOIM** 1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 c5 3.d5 d6 4.Nc3 g6 5.Nf3 Bg7 6.g3 0-0 7.Bg2 Na6 8.0-0 Ne7 9.e4 Bg4 10.h3 Bf3 11.Bf3 Nd7

12.h4 c5 13.Kg2 f5 14.Bg5 Bf6 h6 13.Bd2 Bg7 16.Qe2 f4 17.Ne2 h5 18.Rh1 Bh6 19.Rh3 Kh7 20.Rah1 Qe7 21.g4 hg4 22.Bg4 Nf6 23.Bf3 Nh5 24.Nc1 Ne8 25.Nd3 Nef6 26.Bc3 Rae8 27.a3 Qd7 28.b4 b6 29.a4 Rg8 30.a5 Re7 31.Qb2 Qe8 32.ab6 ab6 33.b5 bc5 34.Qb6 Qd7 35.Kf1 Re-e8 36.Ba5 Ra8 37.Kg2 Rgb8 38.Qc7 Rb7 39.Qd7 Nd7 40.Bd2 Ra2 41.Be3 Ra3. White resigns.

**BULGARIAN CHAMPIONSHIP**  
IM DIMITAR DONCHEV and un-titled Silvio Danailov shared first place in the 1983 Bulgarian Championship, held in Pernik. Danailov, 22, was the sensation of the tournament, finishing ahead of such grizzled veterans as Popov, Spassov, Velikov and Spiridonov, not to mention the promising younger stars Irnikov, Georgiev and Lukov. Donchev, who earlier in the year won the Czech International Championship in excellent style, maintained his good form here. The 1983 World Junior champion, Kiril Georgiev, did not quite perform up to expectations.

**KOLEV** 1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 d6 3.Nc3 Nbd7 4.c4 e5 5.Nf3 g6 6.Be2 Bg7 7.0-0 0-0 8.Re1

## ELEGANT WIN

White - Ke4; Rcl; Bc4, Be5; Nd4; Pa3, b2, c5, f3, h2. (10.) Black - Kc8; Rg2; Bd7; Be7; Nf5; Pa7, b7, f7, g5, h5. (10.) Black to play.  
1. - Bx4 2.Kf5 Rc2! White resigns. (Titov - Sultae, Moscow, 1983).

## BRILLIANT TOUCH

White - Kh1; Qc2; Re1, Rf1; Bc4; Ne6; Pa2, b2, c3, g2, h2. (11.) Black - Kh8; Qe7; Ra8, Re8; Bb7, Bc5; Nf6; Pa7; b6, g7, h6. (11).  
1.Nf4! Qe1 2.Ng6 Kh7 3.Nf8 Kh8 4.Kh7! Nh7 5.Ng6x. (Nisselbeck - Kjun, Munich, 1946).

## ENDGAME FINESSE

White - Ka1; Rf6-Ph6. (3). Black - Ke1; Rd2. (2). White to play and win.  
1.h7 Rh2 2.Rf1 and 3.Rf2! 1.- Rd8 2.Rc6 and 3.Rd6! (Study by A.Troitsky, 1924).



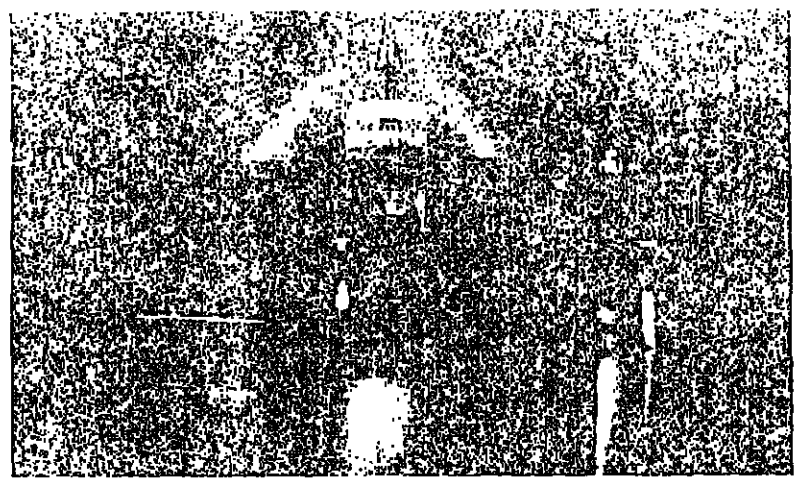
FOR THE FOREIGNER who comes to London to stay for a while, the cultural scene offers plenty of variety and many opportunities for astonishment and admiration, not to say envy. If the visitor is especially interested in the theatre, the choice is almost embarrassing in its richness. On the other hand, there is little that is really new, whether in content or in form. After two or three "revolutions" in play writing and presentation during the almost 40 years since World War II, the British theatre seems content to maintain its high standards without offending established sensibilities and routine expectations.

The celebration of the 80th birthday of John Gielgud (I shall leave out the Srs and Dames, which are plentiful and bear witness to the appreciation for great actors and directors) was an opportunity to look back at the period which made London the metropolis of the modern theatre. He is still going strong, and a few others of his celebrated generation are also around; the untimely death of David Niven and, at a ripe old age, of Ralph Richardson (who left final evidence of his genius in the new Tarzan film, *Greystoke* in which he played Tarzan's grandfather) were occasions for summing up. So was the public controversy over the Arts Council, and government subsidies to the performing arts. There is a whole new generation of gifted actors, most of them known to the world from films, coming into their own.

ONE OF THE long-running plays which will also be coming to Israel is *Master Class* by David Pownall, at Wyndham's Theatre. This is a prime example of the British talent

## High standards

LONDON THEATRE / Uri Rapp



for finding titles which are untranslatable into other languages. The several meanings of "master" and "class" come together successfully in this mature and topical play—even if one does not agree with some of its implications.

It is about the treatment of musicians and music under Stalin in the fateful year 1948 when Zhdanov's purge swept away (and this is a very mild term for wholesale murder and banishment) the cream of Soviet writers and artists, including the remnants of a once rich Jewish culture.

Actually the leading musicians were not killed but only severely reprimanded and compelled to toe the line. (Shostakovich's recently-

published memoirs showed the western world what went on in the mind of a great artist compelled to live under this kind of regime.)

The process is shown through four characters: Stalin (Timothy West), Zhdanov, Prokofiev and Shostakovich. The brutality of the dictatorship, alongside the furtive and ambiguous admiration for great artists and the wish to mobilize them for the plays of the system, is admirably portrayed.

The covert appreciation of Stalin which comes through at the end of the play seemed to me embarrassing. The loss of 20 million Russians in the war becomes one of his main arguments in favour of traditional music

and against innovation, the many more millions killed by him and his minions, and the systematic murder of artists and scientists, is not mentioned at all.

From a theatrical point of view, it is right to give all perspectives, and the theatre has always been blamed for presenting villains sympathetically. But a story-line dependent on historical facts and personalities should not avoid confrontation with the atrocities known to have been committed. On the other hand, the two composers in the play are both pathetic in their submission, and admirable in the irony of their genius being pitted against the pedestrian and philistine taste and ideology of their rulers.

IF ONE WANTED to know what it was all about, there was a unique opportunity. The Camden Festival 1984 presented for one evening Shostakovich's opera *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*. Composed when he was 25, this great work was first performed in Leningrad and Moscow in 1934, and in a concert version in London in 1936. After about a hundred performances, it was attended by Stalin in January 1936; a violent attack in *Pravda* followed immediately, and the opera was withdrawn from the stage.

It was given again in the Sixties, revised and watered down by Shostakovich himself. The original score, long unavailable, was brought to the West by Rostropovich, in the late Seventies, and not long ago was performed in New York.

The Camden production, also in a concert version, was the first opportunity to hear the original opera in London. Although the Chelsea Opera Group is an amateur group,

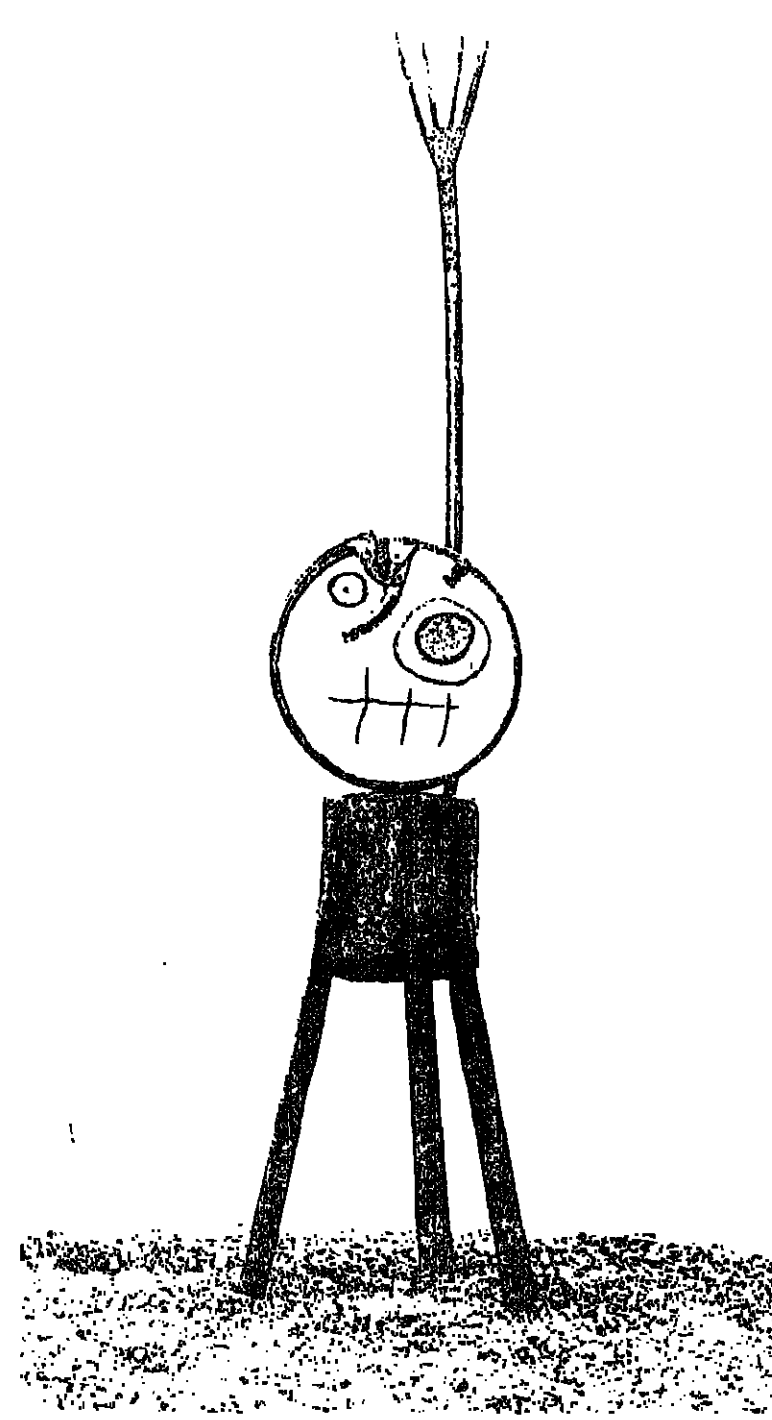
both the playing and the singing were superb, and Phyllis Cavanagh of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, was excellent. The music is harsh and complicated, very modernistic, and the most blatantly sexual music I have ever heard.

THE ENGLISH theatre is at its best and most technically perfect in the Comedy of Manners. Three current productions exemplify this in its most traditional way: Sheridan's *The Rivals* (18th century) at the National Theatre, Gillbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado* (19th century) at the Old Vic, and Noel Coward's *Hay Fever* (early 20th century) at the Queen's Theatre.

*The Mikado*, of course, is a comic opera rather than a comedy of manners, but though it is set in Japan it is as English as they come. This latest production is being kept thoroughly up to date. For example, when I saw it the Lord High Executioner's "list of people who won't be missed" included not only Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher but Arthur Scargill, leader of the Miners' Union, which is presently on strike.

In *Hay Fever* there was an interesting, though to my mind exaggerated, performance by Penelope Keith, who is known to the Israeli public from her part in the television series, *To The Manor Born*.

All three plays are very funny, perfectly composed, and admirably acted. The Israeli visitor can only envy the clear enunciation (every word can be heard, even the whispers), and the restrained but fully emotional acting of the performers—British in two of them; the *Mikado* ensemble came from Canada's Stratford Festival.



Joan Miro: "Personage", painted bronze, 1967 (Israel Museum).

## MIRO AT PLAY

Meir Ronnen

THE CURRENT show of Miro sculptures and prints at the Israel Museum is a real feather in its cap; and in that of Curator Yona Fischer, who was instrumental in obtaining it from the Foundation Maeght, Saint-Paul-de-Vence and the Galerie Adrien Maeght, Paris. The works were made by the great Catalan master between the Fifties and 1975. This is one of the first big shows anywhere since Miro's death.

Joan Miro was born in Barcelona and trained there; he died there last December at the age of 90, one of the immortals of modern art and one of the most singular figures. He was the only surrealist to successfully defy the traditional devices of pictorial representation and composition and was certainly the greatest artist of the movement. His highly personal stick-figure images were a successful marriage of the unconscious and of reason, of symbol and abstraction. His paintings, prints and ceramics all had the joy of creation of the happy child at work with pots of paint. For the most part, despite notes of menace in many of his works, Miro is pure joy.

Miro was primarily a painter and his paintings, of all periods, remain for this writer the richest and most subtle aspect of his enormous output. As Miro the painter is not represented here, Israelis unfamiliar with his work except through reproductions are bound to get a one-sided view of this great artist. The bronzes here, many of them painted in Miro's gay and often primary colours, are cast from assemblages of found objects, add up to the "personage" idea one finds in many of Miro's paintings, though it is the



Miro: "Woman and Bird", bronze, 1967.



Miro in Barcelona.

elements in the beautifully printed colour etchings and aquatints that are more directly derived from the images painted and "written" on paper and canvas. Despite their tremendous accom-

plishment and the loving care of the master craftsmen who cast or printed them, these works remain, for me, several grades lower than the level of the master's painting. Miro's canvases were always impeccably composed; they looked right even at their most spontaneously calligraphic. The sculptures here sometimes lack a sense of composition, though there isn't one that doesn't exert a little magic, a sense of presence.

Miro learned his sculptural method of casting from found objects from Picasso. During the Twenties he lived in Montmartre and embraced Surrealism, making his first collages and collaged objects. But he did not turn again to sculpture and ceramics until 1944, when he began his famous and long collaboration with the ceramicist Josep Llorens Artigas. Together, they made and fired both sculptural figures and enormous tile murals. There are, however, no ceramics in this show.

Everything was grist for Miro's creative mill: nails, old baskets (flattened into a head with handle-ears), scrap-iron, bin lids, even cardboard boxes. Miro solidified all these into bronzes that often seem extraordinarily light and weightless. They were transmogrified into demons, fetishes, mythical animals, or strange people from another planet. Some are puns on classicism, others on surrealism. Some are just playful jokes.

Some of the prints, despite the power of the intensely black "written" image (Miro often used a long-handled "writing" brush) are a trifle chi-chi, printed over fancily decorative backgrounds; the backgrounds in many of Miro's canvases often look chancy but were actually carefully controlled. Still, Miro's graphic sense is extraordinary; it was probably this continually developing sense that led him to this sort of assemblage sculpture, where presence derives from the artist's practiced ability to calculate and adjust odd relationships with repeated success.

The painted bronzes on show are sadly lost out on the cold grey blue desert of cast stone on the Museum Plaza. They were designed to be seen in lush gardens where each had, and formed, its own space. Here, the colour works would have looked better indoors.

One can't help contrasting these largely playful works with all the heavy-breathing associated with the current review of "80 Years of Sculpture in Israel" at the Museum. The Israeli works are rarely interesting objects in themselves. Unlike the Miro figures, which require neither titles nor explanations, many of the contemporary Israeli works lean on the myth of the virtue of using local organic materials and substances, like wood, earth and rocks. Most pretend to be what they aren't, from rockets to rain gauges, cosmic stairways, tools and cult objects. Miro was also influenced by things around him, from Gaudi architecture to Catalan symbols, but he was not making message art or Catalan anthropology; he was making viable Miro's, some great, some less great.

Perhaps the lesson of the Miro show is that Israeli artists should stop taking themselves and their symbolism so seriously. □



Marc Chagall: "Sobakevich", etching and drypoint for Gogol's "Dead Souls", circa 1923 and similar in approach to Chagall's early painting. (Israel Museum).

## Tales of Chagall

Meir Ronnen

A DELIGHTFUL show of superb book illustrations by Marc Chagall is on view at the Israel Museum's Cohen Print Gallery. The prints are mostly etchings, beginning with those intended for his youthful autobiography *Mein Leben* (1923). These spare, strong geometric but poetic and sadly funny echoes of life in Vitebsk, which he left for the last time that same year, are among Chagall's best and most original work and relate directly to his highly formalised pioneering painting of the second decade of this century. They also contain the image of his uncle taking refuge on the roof, later immortalised as the fiddler. They were published by Paul Cassirer, the famous German-Jewish publisher who had once led the Berlin Secession.

Chagall arrived in Berlin from Vitebsk in 1922, after falling out with the Russian suprematist-constructionist, then temporarily in favour. In Germany he sought out German-Jewish master etcher Hermann Struck for instruction in printmaking, which he had never tried before, though he was already 35. Eventually, his graphic work was to provide

him with themes, images and ideas for his painting and tapestries. But, as with his painting, his later graphic work became more and more romantic, even more sentimental and rounded and soft in both drawing and composition. It also became markedly less humorous. One has only to compare the healthy essentials of the drypoints of 1922 with Chagall's sweet colour lithos for *Daphnis and Chloe* on show here, commissioned and published by Teriade in 1961. His *Psalm of David*, 1971 (donated to the Museum by their publisher Gerald Cramer of Geneva) have also lost some of the bite of his earlier illustrations of the Old Testament, made between 1931 and 1936.

Chagall may have worked his set of stock images to death, but they never failed him. They are also stylistically his very own. He was at his best when drawing on Russia, not necessarily Jewish Russia, as can be seen too from his often tartly funny etchings for Gogol's *Dead Souls*, made for Vollard between 1923 (the year Chagall settled in Paris) and 1927. Also on show here are his etchings for La Fontaine's *Fables* (Teriade, 1952), a conscious – and successful – attempt to go French, with painterly tonal effects. Part of this edition was also hand-coloured.

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## Did the Earth tremble?



In Jerusalem, grown men by the hundreds cried their eyes out. In Haifa, frenetic joy drenched the long-suffering citizenry in a sea of champagne. Yehud was sombre, while the Arab town of Shfaram glowed with pride. Has all of Israel finally gone bananas? No — only the soccer fans.

The National League soccer championship went right down to the final whistle. Macabbi Haifa finished the season one point ahead of Betar Jerusalem to win the first league title in their 52-year history. Betar, which led the pack almost throughout the season (until the second-last week), has never won the league, and its traditionally passionate fans did not even try to hide their grief. Residents of Shfaram derived their glory from the performance of local hero Zahi Armeli, who completely transformed the Haifa team into league champions. Meanwhile, over in Yehud, relegation and gloom.

All this seems the perfect way to prepare for the coming elections.

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## Heroes of '48

Meir Ronnen

PAINTINGS AND cartoons from the period of the War of Liberation and that immediately following it, can be seen at "1948", an exhibition originally prepared for Haifa University by Gideon Ofiat (who also did the catalogue) and which is now on show in Jerusalem.

Most of the works will be very familiar to old timers and even not-so-old timers, for a number were on show not so many years ago at this venue; and Arie Navon's drawings for *Ha'aretz* were displayed a few years ago at the Israel Museum.

For the most part, this isn't war art, but art based on war themes and manners and dress of the times, usually idealized, sometimes to the point of kitsch.

The only real reporter among the true painters was the late Ludwig Blum, whose *plein air* impressionist oils were perfectly suited to depicting things like a road block on Jaffa Road facing the Generali building, which was taken over by a squad of Hagana men as soon as the British left, or the destruction of Ben Yehuda St. Blum also left us a series of portraits of young Jerusalem fighters, Sephardi and Ashkenazi, all seemingly excellent likenesses. Blum's paintings were then considered far less interesting as art than works by Marcel Janco, Yohanan Simon or Moshe Tamir, but they are far more convincing as a record and wonderfully accomplished within their own parameters. Blum, who had been an Austrian army artist here in World War One, actually went forward to see what life was like at the edge of Jewish Jerusalem.

A great part of the exhibit is given over to the "Wounded Soldier" series by the late Marcel Janco, made just after the war and conceived during it, when Janco suffered agonies hearing about students of his reported killed or wounded. This series was one of his best, rendered in a spiky, expressionist style that was not at all realistic and considered very advanced in Israel at the time; as a matter of fact, these pictures would fit very well in any show of New Painting today. But the approach is symbolic. But at least they eschew the dreadful socialist-realist heroes of the memorials of the period, created in stone by Lishansky, Rapoport, Priver and others, photographs of which are included in the catalogue.

Idealisations such as these are never convincing because they are so impersonal. But idealisation also found its way into the work of cartoonists of the period like Yossi Stern, Shmuel Katz and Arie Navon, although the latter's work was a little less impersonal and his depiction of the Palmachnik in the stocking cap, a symbol of the period in itself, was a fair portrait of the type; it was also what everyone wanted to see in the type. Moreover, Navon's line and medium were like his types, unpretentious, the antithesis of the heroic kibbutz memorials.

The same note of unpretentiousness and convincing depiction of the same healthy young type is to be found in a delightful little realist bronze by Dov Felgu, (who has long since fallen in with the loaded-meaning-avant-garde). It was this



Marcel Janco: "Wounded Soldier," oils, 1948 (J'lem Artists House).



Arie Navon: pen drawing, 1948 (J'lem Artists House).



Shmuel Raayoni: pen and wash portrait (Nora Gallery, J'lem).

new young non-traditional Jew who was the hero of the young state, a lachrymose, quietly reliable farmhand-fighter more in the tradition of Sergeant York than his European contemporaries of the generation of the Holocaust.

There are a number of good works in this show but no great ones. Outstanding is a pre-state painting of a Jewish soldier in a British forage cap, by Menachem Shemi; and variations on the wounded soldier theme by Bezem, Rubin, Lubin, Gutman and Tamir. Also of note is a head in gouache by teacher Aharon Avni. A self-portrait by Avigdor Arikha shows him in the flamboyant uniform of the Jewish Settlement Police; the artist later joined the Palmach and survived four machine-gun bullets in the chest to become a far greater portrait painter (he is today perhaps one of the most eminent of all our painters). Other Arikha sketches are of a documentary nature, but not particularly interesting. At the time he was still merely a talented student.

There isn't a single warlike image in the show, which perhaps speaks for itself. There is also the symbolic peace series by the late Bezalel Director, Jacob Steinhilber, among many works by other artists too numerous to mention here. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till June 6.

ALSO AT the same venue are some efficient etchings and screen-prints by Shoshna Talik, who studied in her native Yugoslavia and came here in 1965. My choice are the small etchings 1-6 as you enter. (J'lem Artists House). Till June 6.

SHMUEL RAAYONI is one of the last of the New Horizons Mohicans and his current show of portraits on paper, rendered in a mixed watercolour and body-colour technique, is redolent of the soft, milky, lyrical colour so beloved of the movement and unfortunately rarely seen these days.

Raayoni's "portraits" are formalised, impersonal cyphers and most of them consist of elongated, loosely delineated figures. Composition is rudimentary; the artist relies on the attractiveness of the colour and the freedom of the hand. Raayoni hangs loose; a bit too loose. (Nora Gallery, Maimon 9, J'lem). Till June 16.

BERLIN'S "green police" are not the citizens' only protection. There is a sizeable American presence to see it that the treaty stipulations are meticulously observed. To a full-scale Russian onslaught they would not present much of an obstacle (the French and British contingents can't even be called "token forces"); but to many Berliners who suffered the Soviet occupation or remember the airlift, they are a comforting sight. They are the American "wall patrol."

To get the full flavour of the mammoth absurdity, not to say obscenity, of the Berlin Wall, I went to see that city's public relations officer, Stanley P. Silby in the American military compound at Dahlem. He is the spokesman for this 165.7km. monument to man's pigheaded inhumanity, erected in August 1961.

From the Communist point of view it was a simple calculation. In 1958, 226,000 East Germans fled to the West; in 1959 it went down to 174,000. In 1960, when exit procedures were tightened, 225,000 crossed over, the figure soaring to 234,000 in the first eight months of 1961 when the wall went up — a total of 859,000.

The escapees provided eager hands for the West German *Wirtschaftswunder*, but threatened to turn East Berlin into a ghost town. At first the wall consisted of a three-metre-high barbed wire fence at the end of unmarked minefields, wooden observation towers manned by sharpshooters, and a perimeter road for the mobile patrols.

When this proved inadequate, it was replaced by a solid five-metre wall, tank traps, barbed wire entanglements and minefields. Where the demarcation line went through built-up areas, houses were either demolished or vacated, hooby-trapped and boarded up.

Still, desperate and brave souls preferred death, mutilation or long prison sentences to life in that work-er's paradise, the GDR. In 1982, 70 tried it; 50 were killed, 20 captured. The last refinements were a second wall on the eastern side, roving dog-patrols and the installation of a rounded crown atop the walls, to prevent the use of grappling hooks.

"WAS ALI. THIS necessary?" I ask. "Couldn't *modus vivendi* have been worked out?"

"Hell, no," exclaims Mr. Silby. "We have a treaty arrangement and suggesting even the slightest modification would put everything up for grabs. We can't open that can of worms and neither can the other side. That's why Rudolph Hess is still where he is, in Spandau prison."

"Anyone coming across now?"

"In our neck of the woods that is virtually impossible," says Silby. "Then what are you patrolling for or against?" He hesitates, rummaging in his memory for the official reply to this conundrum. "Well...to show the flag, to show them that we are still here, that we still mean business." Don't they read the papers?

I mention future irreverentism, a yearning for union of the two Germanies, given the German penchant for yearning.

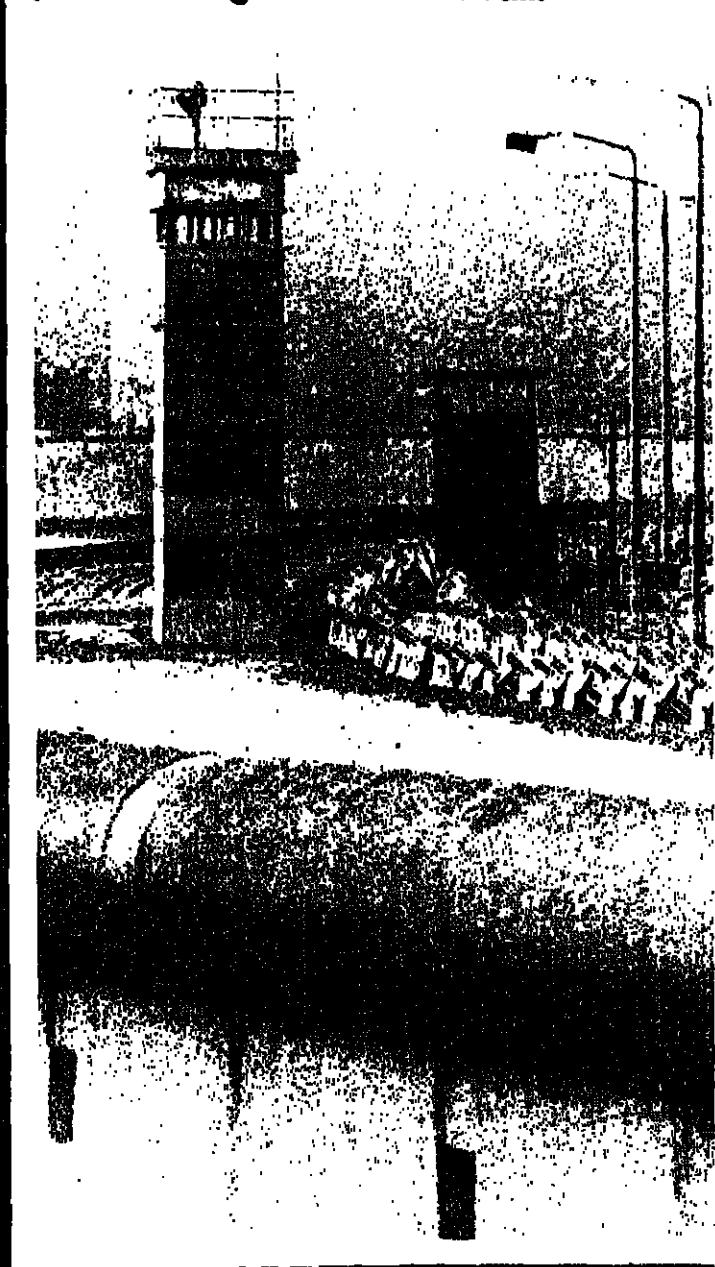
Silby says that at present this is not an issue, since the last thing Bonn wants is a present of 17 million brain-washed East Germans who are in escrow to the Russians for past sins and have no say in the matter.

But in the hands of demagogues when conditions are ripe... "Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Führer." We've heard it all before. It used to be a slogan, it may become a battle-cry.

The "business" today consists of

## And never the twain shall meet

WIM VAN LEER joins an American patrol along the Berlin Wall.



three jeeps, two of which are equipped with one mounted M.60 machine-gun. Since I am a civilian, my jeep carries no arms and Sergeant Todd from Amarillo, Texas, is my guardian angel for the ride. The intelligence-patrol leader is Sergeant Freischlag.

This being pay-day, the wall section to be patrolled is only a short one, some 20 km. long, and selected at random by the battalion commander.

TO GET "on station" we have to traverse most of Berlin, which in the open jeep at high speed freezes my bones to the marrow. Stopping at traffic-lights, we hear the occasional "Yankee go home" from the trendy young. "Ah," sighs the driver, "if only the Pentagon would listen."

Children and the elderly wave at us with warm enthusiasm as we with warm enthusiasm as we strange that a generation which exploits the freedom of democracy to, and often beyond, the hill, can have any sympathies for the oppressive grey regime beyond the electrified barbed wire and the minefields.

It reminds me of Kurt Tucholsky's advice to the German electorate in

At one of these I see that there is a young woman and a little boy with the fur-hatted guards. The boy waves at us and I wave back, a minor milestone on the road to *détente*. "Please don't," says Sergeant Freischlag. "It's against the regulations." Being the last to unleash the atomic conflagration, I desist.

We climb watch-towers, struggle up muddy ramparts, plod through frozen marshland to take a peek across the wall at other watch-towers, muddy ramparts and frozen marshland. Between the vanguard housing and the wall, superannuated walrus spend their remaining years tending their allotments, fussing around their miniature hot-houses and dormant flower-beds. Beyond the far wall, the mirror image. As my father used to say, "In the whole world they cook with water."

WALL-GRAFFITI in our day is the art of the impotent. The Berlin Wall provides a 145-km. challenge, possibly more permanent than the Sistine Chapel. Here, tortured or recalcitrant souls record their pain, resistance or resignation. Herewith a translated selection: Freedom is contagious. ...Nobody here gets out alive. ...Blow it up (alongside a picture of an exploding bomb). ...Forge swords into ploughshares. ...I love myself. ...Wednesday! Yesterday! Today! ...Good morning, dear Amo. ...Mauer Power? ...Where the S-Bahn crosses the wall, a more elaborate *cri de coeur*, in verse, apparently by a visitor from the East, which can be translated as follows:

I am not free and can but choose  
Which killers order me about.  
Which scheming thieves will clean  
me out.

And while I died a thousand  
deaths  
You seem to have forgotten  
That while I starved a thousand  
deaths

You gorged yourself till rotten.  
The arrowed logo of the Viking  
Youth, the neo-Nazi movement,  
next to a colourful artistic celebra-  
tion: "Happy 80th birthday dear  
granddad Flohr from family, friends  
and neighbours and the Little Monk-  
ey." Flanked by "Shit. GDR" and  
"Sporting Warriors," whoever they  
may be.

THE ETERNIT works stand a  
stone's throw from the wall, the huge  
seven storeys high. It has a lift  
which, by arrangement, is at the  
disposal of the wall patrols. From the  
roof one has a panoramic view of the  
landscape. Here, no man's land is  
almost four kilometres wide. In the  
distance, the Friedrichshagen "rubble  
mountain," a huge hill built out of  
bomb-site debris by the women of  
Berlin in 1945. The top of the hill is  
now a People's Park, with trees and  
flowerbeds, one of war's few di-  
vidends.

There are watch-towers every  
kilometre and one can study the  
dog-patrols. Each dog has his own  
kennel. His long lead slides along a  
200-m. steel cable to the next ken-  
nel. An interior road runs the peri-  
meter of the dog-guarded territory,  
and we observe a soldier on a motor-  
bike bringing food to the animals. In  
the distance, the Spree winds  
through Köpenick, and further on  
lies Kreis Strausberg, a small, walled  
western enclave, a political appendix  
some 10 sq. km. of dust surrounded  
by 35 km. of wall. One recalls T.S.  
Eliot's line in *Waste Land*, "I will  
show you fear in a handful of dust."

WHAT IS IT LIKE to live on the  
ramparts of democracy? Heinrich  
Weber, a retired railway worker,  
pulling up weeds in his garden allot-  
ment, is my informant. Bending

down over his paunch, he wheezes  
through his Kaiser Wilhelm mous-  
taches. From the potting-shed a  
radio is playing a jaunty march.  
Inside, colourful seed-packets deco-  
rate the walls. On the minuscule  
lawn a gaudy garden gnome pushes a  
miniature wheelbarrow. "Sie sind  
ein Yankee Doude!" he asks with a  
twinkle. I explain my status.

What is life like? Quiet, very  
quiet, like Communist Germany,  
like a cemetery. There they only  
open their mouths to eat. Even for  
the guard dogs it is "Stand to atten-  
tion and keep your trap shut." He  
has family over there. They lack  
nothing and rents are cheap. The  
food is bad, same as here if you are  
out of work. There, no one is out of  
work.

"To working people like my sort,  
that is very important, *mein Herr*.  
Freedom? Yes, of course. But let us  
be frank, *mein Herr*, what does a  
poor man have with freedom. I can say  
*Der Vogel hat'n Vogel!*" [meaning  
that opposition-leader Vogel is  
crazy.] Does it do me any good?  
Does it change anything? Maybe the  
wife (*die Olle*) will tell me. "Heini  
don't talk daft!"

What about war?  
He has made arrangements with  
his son in the Black Forest. He  
himself hails from Breslau, now  
Wroclaw. He was taken prisoner  
before Stalingrad. ("This von Paulus  
wasn't as bad as they later made him  
out to be.")

I had been a Nazi?  
Sure he had been a member. As a  
railwayman you had to be. Straight  
from the *Reif-Front* into the party.  
Had he been a Communist before  
that?

"Oh no, just a socialist, a union  
man of course. Little did we know  
in those days. We used to sing a  
variation of the Horst-Wessel  
song..."

He begins to sing, slowly dragging  
the words from the far recesses of his  
memory and when he got it pat,  
repeats it for me to take down.  
(Translated)

Nose in the air, eyes tightly closed.  
The S.A. marches with quiet, de-  
termined steps.

The comrades from the ranks of  
workers and reactionaries  
Now march in our ranks out of  
fear.

"Jawohl, *mein Herr*. That's the  
way it was, and will always be. A  
bunch of cowards. The German  
army? With their long hair and their  
silk shirts. The Coca-Cola brigade.  
All poofers. Bah!"

He picks up a spade and angrily  
attacks the frozen ground as the  
patrol pulls up to collect me.

At the Schönefeld crossing north  
of East Berlin's airport, our patrol  
ends. The leaden sky promises more  
snow, and belting along the Walters-  
dorfer Chaussee in our open jeep I  
am frozen to the bone. They let me  
off at the first S-Bahn station.

If the Russians were sceptical be-  
fore about the Western presence in  
Berlin, our cameo appearance  
should have convinced them. Isn't  
that what "showing the flag" is all  
about?

CODA. Back in Israel I read about a  
new government department to fight  
*yereda* with Zionist indoctrination. I  
have news for them. There are only  
two ways to stop the flow of Israel's  
best talent to greener pastures. The  
first is the creation of an acceptable  
quality of life. And by that I don't  
mean only remuneration. The alternative  
is a wall, replete with  
minefields, watch-towers, sharp-  
shooters and dogs. Jewish Agency  
brainwash and Zionist eyewitness  
aren't good enough in these enlight-  
ened days.

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ZELDA MISHKOFKY, known and loved simply as the poet Zelda, was buried on April 29, the 29th of Nissan on the Mount of Olives. With her passing, a special radiance, a certain spiritual glow, has passed from Hebrew literature.

The "black butterfly" of which she wrote in the volume of poems that appeared in this last long year of her illness, had, in all its terrible delicacy, the final word.

Suddenly, he entered the hall  
The black refugee from hell.  
A black butterfly  
The bearer of bad tidings  
He brushed my face  
With his large wings.  
Blessed are the heavens  
That I saved my soul  
From the curse  
Of that hour.

This last volume of poems *To Be Separated From Every Distance*, might be seen as a "leave-taking." It records, as the title indicates, a life, a past, being cut off, separated from the vast distances of the eternal. Yet even as Zelda watches the past being separated off, she feels that it cannot be erased. "No man/no pain" can quell its memories. The vibrancy of life exists in these poems side by side with the recurring images of night and snakes, of the terror of death that hovers over many of her earlier poems as well.

This last volume of poems is dedicated to friends of like spirit. In the case of this poet, who was a widow, and who had no children, no brothers or sisters "to sit shiva," the poems afford a last remembrance of Zelda for the friends and readers deeply tied to her. Perhaps some of the poems can even be seen as symbolic of her life. One, in particular, seems appropriate. In *Praise of My Little Balcony* registers how "Suddenly thoughts/Bite to the blood," and the poet has a vision of the night that is descending. She perceives the night of "her darkening street" descending over distant mountains. She contemplates from her little and unprotected balcony the vast spaces of endless night. But

With morning  
My little balcony is transformed  
To a gate of radiance.  
When I arise  
This gate of radiance will shine.

She is not only going into the darkness but is conscious of it, contemplates it. And her little balcony, the small intense world she has cultivated, the very locus of her contemplation, becomes the means of entry through the radiant gates of heaven. And so it was with Zelda Mishkofsky. She contemplated the darkening horizons, she mourned the darkening of distant possibilities. And yet she did so from her modest little balcony carefully tended with love and friendship.

ZELDA CAME from a prominent rabbinic family, the Schneersons, and was observant and deeply religious. Yet she was not sequestered and unworldly as she has sometimes been portrayed. She was very much in touch with the world. She studied at Mizrahi Teachers' Seminary, and taught underprivileged children in Haifa and Jerusalem religious schools. From her intense Jerusalem centre she reached out to distant worlds. She read world literature, and was deeply versed in Hebrew literature. To her cultivated little balcony came friends from all walks of life, writers, musicians, kibbutzniks. She was lovingly tended in her darkening months in the hospital by these friends, many of them loyal, intelligent women. They read to her, played the guitar. There were many young women who were deeply

## View from the balcony

As the night of her 'darkening street' descended, Zelda wrote her last verses. Rochelle Furstenberg describes the poet's leave-taking.



attached to Zelda. After her husband Haim Mishkofsky died, young women would live with her as companions. They turned to her and sought her wisdom. We find this wisdom in many of her poems. For example, there is a poem for the young woman who, it seems, is making a disastrous choice of husband. "How to pray/That the snake of disorder/Will not swallow her spirit." She projects a vision of flowering custom and ceremony not different from that found in the poetry of Yeats. Zelda prays that "All will see/That she is a vine complete/in the midst of the home/of the right man."

Throughout Zelda's poetry there is a sense of the fragility of life, its vulnerability. In an early poem a young bride and groom appear on her street to wake her from deathlike numbness. "And I saw that they weave a hope which is extremely fragile/And I saw that they weave a true hope/And so I secretly begged. Creator of man/May devils not play havoc with their imaginations/May their home be a home forever."

ZELDA'S poetic voice, personal and lyrical, expressed a unified sensibility. There was a wholeness, a flowering around a central vine of associations. This was often enriched by reference to the liturgy, the Bible and religious symbolism. "It was not modernist in the sense that it was not ironic, splintered,

FOR MORE than half-a-century, Moshe Kol has been a leader of the middle-of-the-road Zionists and Israelis who formed the progressive wing of the General Zionist Movement in pre-State days, then the Progressive Party and the Independent Liberal Party after the State was established. Born in Pinsk in 1911, Kol came on *aliya* in 1932, and from then on he held major posts in the Zionist Movement and various governments of Israel. He was a signatory to the Declaration of Independence, headed Youth Aliya for 19 years and was Minister of Tourism for 10. Thus he has been at the heart of affairs and an active participant in many major decisions affecting the destiny of Israel and the Jewish people.

A warm, extroverted man with a talent for establishing close relationships, he has chosen to take his stroll down nostalgia lane, not by writing formal memoirs, but by jotting down pen portraits of the 25 people with whom he worked and esteemed most highly. His book isn't a form of name-dropping, or of sterile flattery: in almost every essay he manages to express his own views through an evaluation of his subject.

MOST OF his heroes and heroines belonged to the same middle-of-the-road stream. They were key leaders of movements and ways of thought that tend to become obsolete in this extremist age. They were opposed to dogmatic ideologies, they were pragmatists, believing in action rather than declarations, they assumed, perhaps naively, that discussion, flexibility and compromise could bring about Jewish unity. And their Zionism was rooted in the finest humanist traditions of Western Europe.

Kol's first hero, of course, was Chaim Weizmann — were they not fellow-alumni from Pinsk? He notes that "Weizmann enjoyed speaking the spicy Yiddish of Pinsk, and in his intimate conversations and exchanges he emphasized his folk roots in the Jewry of Pinsk."

Kol goes on: "Given his captivating personality, it was easy to understand how he could win over statesmen and other personalities to the Zionist cause. No man better represented the Jewish people's fight for redemption and independence... At various times he

## Pen portraitist



MENTORS AND FRIENDS by Moshe Kol, New York and London, Herzl & Cornwall, 203 pp. £15.

Philip Gillon

was prepared to accept flexible formulae for shaping our political future in the land of our ancestors, but he never abandoned the goal of the return to Zion and the rescue of Jews through the rebuilding of the historic homeland."

THE PROGRESSIVE movement brought together the Jews of Eastern Europe, under men like Kol, and the German Jews, one of whose finest leaders was Pinhas Rosen, who made so notable a contribution as Minister of Justice.

Of Rosen, Kol writes: "One might say of him that his life was like a tree that neither bent nor broke. He was an unswerving Zionist and democrat, a humanist in all his be-

ing, and a progressive liberal who represented the best values of European and Jewish culture." Kol notes that Rosen's abhorrence of Germany was so great that he opposed all relations of any kind with the land of his birth. "All his life he had rebelled against double standards of morality."

Kol says also about Rosen: "He was faithful to the Zionism of constructive settlement in town and village, and this brought him closer to the pioneer and labour movements. At the same time he had complete faith in private enterprise, upholding the right of the individual to practise it and fighting for a balance of influence in the various elements of the economy and in society."

Another man who had a profound influence on Kol was Dr. Moshe Glickson, the writer and philosopher, who wrote the *Haaretz* editorials, and whom Kol describes as the "mentor and spiritual leader of liberal General Zionism... (he was) of the spiritual elite and also a man of the people."

Glickson, like Kol, believed in an alliance with labour. "In the struggle over the form and social pattern that the *Yishuv* was to assume, Glickson fought both within the *Yishuv* and within the General Zionist movement, in true partnership with the labour movement and the pioneering camp."

MANY OF the essays are about labour leaders with whom Kol worked: David Ben-Gurion, Yitzhak Ben Zvi, Moshe Shurett, Berl Katznelson, Levi Eshkol, Pinhas Sapir and Zulman Shazar. He is a great admirer of Eshkol, Israel's most under-rated prime minister, whose achievements in the fields of defence and the economy were so enormous. Kol stresses Eshkol's ability to unite people, both in Israel and the Diaspora.

He also praises Sapir, of whom he writes, "He was modest in his ways... clean-handed and pure-minded... (he) knew his strength, and he knew his limitations. Thus, he refused to accept the premiership... (he) was a many-faceted personality, and a man of outstanding vigour. He has a brilliant record in the history of the *Yishuv* and the state, and in the realization of the Zionist vision..."

Several essays deal with remarkable women with whom Kol worked: Henrietta Szold, Rose Halprin, Rebecca Sieff and Vera Weizmann. He considered Henrietta Szold to be one of the greatest figures in Jewish and American history.

The final essay is a touching tribute to David (Dado) Elazar. He was a Youth Aliya product of whom Kol was — and is — particularly proud. After the Agranat Commission had pinned so much of the blame for the errors of the Yom Kippur War on Elazar, he retired to go through a period of soul-searching about what he considered to be the injustice done him. Then he died suddenly. Kol's own evaluation of the Commission's report is very guarded: he does not say outright that he disagrees with it. But he clearly sympathizes with the man it broke.

His book does not have pretensions to grandeur, but it is full of insights about people who helped shape Israel and Zionism. For readers who like to pick up their history the easy way, it is an extremely useful and pleasant guide. □

## Capsules

INDELIBLE SHADOWS, FILM AND THE HOLOCAUST by Annette Insdorf, New York, Random House, 234 pp. \$19.95.

Richard Penniman

ANNETTE INSDORF has compiled and categorized a list of 160 films that deal directly or indirectly with the Holocaust. She has chosen 65 of these films, subdivided them under such chapter headings as The Holocaust Version of the Holocaust, Black Humor, The Jew as Child, Beautiful Evasions? The New German Guilt, The Personal Documentary and From Judgment to Illumination, and clearly summarizes each of them.

Insdorf begins with the Hollywood product, the film of least value. She appreciates that such movies as *The Diary of Anne Frank*, *Voyage of the Damned*, *Judgment at Nuremberg* and *The Boys From Brazil* attracted large audiences but questions their ability to render even a small part of what really happened. Insdorf sees them as "compromised by Hollywood conventions of casting and scoring."

She believes that recent "television" such as *Holocaust* and *Playing For Time* have aimed at verisimilitude, but in "conception, style and appeal to a mass audience, nevertheless, these are 'Hollywood' films, simply made for a smaller screen." The problem of such serious fare in a medium interrupted regularly by commercials is summarized in a quote from screenwriter Paddy Chayefsky: "You can never really accumulate the power; you have to capitalize a lot of emotion, and you have to overdramatize things. In fact, the word critics used on *Holocaust* was 'trivialize', and in a sense that was unfair criticism, even though accurate. Trivialization is television."

INSDORF, the only child of Holocaust survivors, was born in Paris and perhaps that is why she writes in detail about such films as *The Sorrow and the Pity*, *Lacombe, Lucien*, *Les Violins du Bal* and *Mr. Klein*. Each points the finger of accusation at the French people's vigorous complicity in the rounding up of Jews. In *The Sorrow and the Pity*, Dr. Claude Lévy "states that Pierre Laval, head of the Vichy government, offered the Germans four thousand Jewish children whose deportation hadn't even been requested."

In the last chapters, Insdorf proves conclusively that the most powerful and effective motion pictures are not the dramatizations but the personal documentaries that refuse in any way to gloss over the process and results of the Holocaust. "Most significantly, films like *Night and Fog*, *Sighet*, *Sighet*, and *Shadow of Dambit* use 'documentary' footage such as newsreels and interviews, but are in fact as formally rich as the best of 'fiction' films: they contain a narrative spine, poetic images, an edited pulse, and a profoundly personal voice."

*Indelible Shadows, Film And The Holocaust* is a valuable book on two levels. It provides an excellent reference source for anyone interested in finding out how the world's film makers have dealt with the subject. And it exposes the myriad dodges and obfuscations that humanity has employed to run away from the truth. □

## Within the walls

SAN'A An Arabian Islamic City by R.B. Serjeant and Ronald Lewcock (Editors). London, The World of Islam Festival Trust, 631 pp. £395

Felix Klein-Franke

the centre of political and religious conflict.

The editors drew on important and hitherto little-known historical sources. The post-medieval and modern history of San'a involves discussion of the deployment of Mamluk and Ottoman power in Yemen, and its impact on Yemenite administration. The period of Ottoman rule came to an end when Imam Yahya was proclaimed the local population. The historical account concludes in 1962, when Abdallah as-Sallal became the first president of the Yemen Arab Republic.

OF SPECIAL interest are the ac-

counts of Western travellers to Yemen, dating back to the year 1510, to which a chapter is devoted. Apart from an extensive survey of the political and religious events in Yemen, and San'a's role as a seat of power, much of the book is dedicated to research into the city's inhabitants, their crafts, trades, and professions. Daily life within the city's walls has been illustrated in an authentic and vivid way. The description of the market and business life gives a lively impression of the city's manners and customs. There is a detailed account of several crafts and their tools and manufacturing methods. From the market the reader is led to the mosques of San'a. The photographs indicate clearly that many stones bear Christian symbols. There is obviously a connection with the city's pre-Islamic churches.

A well-documented chapter outlines the history of the local Jewish

community, and of Muslim-Jewish relations. The map of the Jewish quarter, which indicates its streets and the location of synagogues, is a valuable supplement to this chapter. Some slight inaccuracies can be easily corrected by reference to Michael Maswari Caspi's introduction to R. Shalom b. Sa'adya Gamliel's book: *The Jizya-Poll Tax in Yemen*. The wide-ranging treatment of Jewish life in San'a is based both on literary sources and on the author's own experiences. They provide important additional information about recent Jewish life in Yemen.

The book next turns to a detailed and well-illustrated description of the architecture of private houses and buildings in San'a. Clothes and food are the themes of the final chapters. This lavish book has some excellent photos, many of them in colour. It ends with a detailed list of biographical references, a valuable glossary of Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Hebrew and Himyarite words and expressions, an index of names of persons, families, tribes, races, nationalities, titles and supernatural beings, and a general index. □



## WHAT'S ON

Notices in this feature are charged at ISB40 per line including VAT; insertion every day of the month costs IS16,810 including VAT.

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## ART GUIDE

Notices in this feature are charged at ISB40 per line including VAT; insertion every Friday costs IS2,620 including VAT.

### Jerusalem

#### MUSEUMS

**ISRAEL MUSEUM, EXHIBITIONS:** Well-Built Elephant, popular American architecture; How to Wrap Five Eggs, traditional Japanese wrapping; Joan Miro, sculptures; Eighty Years of Sculpture in Israel; Marc Chagall, book illustrations; Window to Islam, Islamic culture, religion and court life; Nahum Tsvet, wall statues and large models for large sculptures; Jonathan Borofsky; Face and Body, photographs; 12 Pages from Cairo Zen; 28: News in Antiquities, new excavation finds; Tom Seidmann Pecht; Scaps, Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology. Special Exhibits: Masterpiece of Greek Pottery, 6th century kylix. Rockefeller Museum: Kadesh Barnea, Judean Kingdom fortress; News in Antiquities, finds from Phoenician Tombs; How to Study the Past, for children; Paley Centre, next to Rockefeller Museum, closed Saturday. Beit Ticho: Works by Anna Ticho; Hanukkah. Hours: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur., 10-4:30; Tue., 10-10; Fri., 10-1:30.

**Old Yishuv Court Museum.** The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II. 6 Reh. Or Hahaim. Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun.-Thur., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

**Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at**

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Judaica. Divra Room: History of Jewish People. Tel. 247112.

### Galleries

**Galerie Vidor Nouvelle, Khutzot Hayotzer.** Y.S. Haniache. Original prints by international artists. Tel. 02-819864, 240031.

### Tel Aviv

#### MUSEUM

**Tel Aviv Museum.** New Exhibitions: Nahum Gutman, pictures and book illustrations; White City, International Style Architecture in Israel. Continuing Exhibitions: Collections: Classical 17th and 18th century painting; Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, 20th Century Art; Selection of Israeli Art; Twentieth and Thirties in Israeli Art; Special Loans incl. Paintings by Monet, Morik, Pissaro, Bonnard, Matisse, Rothko, Guttus and others. Special Exhibit of Prints from Jerusalem Print Workshop. Visiting Hours: Sun.-Thur., 10-10; 10-2; 7-10; Fri. closed. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, Exhibitions: A Pear and an Apple. Still Life Exhibition. Visiting Hours: Sun.-Thur., 9-1; 5-9; Sat., 10-12; Fri. closed.

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Exploring the Book of Ruth  
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Helen Baruch (in Hebrew)

2.30 a.m. The Revelation of Sinai Through the Eyes of Hazal  
Rabbi Benjamin Hollander (in English)  
Dr. Seymour Epstein (in Hebrew)  
Summary and Departure for Kotel  
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4.00 a.m. \*\*\*\*\*  
4.45 a.m. \*\*\*\*\*

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**JOHN WORTH** is an artist who lacks force. Force in his art; force in his life. Technically proficient, he dabbles in painting, and makes enough to live on. Left to his own devices, he would have continued in this vein forever. He is content not to push himself. But he is bullied out of his attitude by his socialist girlfriend, who joins forces with a strange little gallery proprietor to shake him out of his complacency. Worth protests their interference, but follows their lead to become a truly great artist.

Not that the girlfriend likes his paintings even then. Worth's masterpiece, his Entry into Jerusalem, which features a blackleathered skinhead Christ riding into the city on a motorcycle, irritates her. Worth points out that the true importance of a painting is in its detail and texture. She cannot understand him. But the artistic world does, and Entry into Jerusalem places Worth at its forefront.

**MIDDLETON'S** novel is not merely about John Worth's transformation. He draws a comprehensive picture of his small world. It is a coffee-cup and muddy, shoe-type world, where small details vividly contribute to the whole. People walk in and out of his life: his old master, who has a nervous breakdown, and commits suicide; the teacher's second wife, a mere child of 23 who hangs on Worth's every word; a wealthy art lover. But no one really penetrates Worth's barrier, which is his ability to distance himself. One critic will later claim this distancing device is part of Worth's greatness. He is always painting when the doorbell or the telephone rings. He gently participates in the interruptions, is patient with his few friends, but afterwards returns to his painting. The world cannot touch him.

Middleton paints a placid word-picture of the artist's life before inevitable greatness falls upon him. It is a spare novel, accomplishing much in its very brevity. Strangely, the best description for *Entry into Jerusalem* is provided by the book itself. Worth sketches a girl's portrait. The girl is much taken by his economy: look how every line counts, she tells him. And every scene and word counts in the novel.

**SHIRLEY HAS** been a prostitute for a long time, and is on the lookout for something a little different. She finds it in an intriguing newspaper advertisement: "Model required. For special assignments. Acting ability and discretion essential. Apply with photograph." Applying, Shirley is sent a generous cheque, an enigmatic letter from a P. Fox, and a script which raises more questions than it answers. Shirley's decision to take the part begins a mysterious game, whose nature remains a mystery right to the bitter end.

There is no way of revealing the tantalizing events which occur, without betraying an implicit, yet binding, pact made with the author, who lets each reader discover for himself what happens. Suspense is the heart and soul of this thriller. With unusual skill for an author whose first novel this is, Austen allows the plot to reveal itself piece by piece, and never fully satisfies the reader's intense curiosity till the last pages. Even then, he leaves room for doubt.

Shirley, the prostitute, is made startlingly real by Austen, and her loosening grip on reality due to P. Fox's charades is traced with real



In 1980 alone, Ann, wife of one of J. Paul Getty's sons, spent \$77,000 at Saks Fifth Avenue. "Bad News: The Best of Esquire Magazine's Dubious Achievements, 1961-84" (Avon, \$6.95) in a review of some of the silliest events, dumbest quotes and most misguided behaviour of recent times.

## Fiction bookshelf

**ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM** by Stanley Middleton. London, Hutchinson. £7.50

**LOVE-ACT** by M.E. Austen. London, Black Swan. 188 pp. £2.50

**KETTLE OF ROSES:** The Collected Correspondence of Edna Pugh by Walter Nash. London, Arrow Books. 141 pp. £1.50

**YOUNG SHOULDERS** by John Wain. London, Black Swan. 144 pp. £1.95

**EAST WIND** by Julie Ellis. New York, Arbor House. 350 pp. \$15.95

**OCCASION OF SIN** by Rachel Billington. Harmondsworth, Penguin. 304 pp. £3.25

**Michelle Cameron**

compassion and sympathy. And what about Mr. Fox? We are left in the dark about this silver-haired gentleman, and the small hints given are never enough for us. *Love-Act* is a first novel that should definitely be followed by others.

**HAVING TOO** many non-hilarious novels by British authors, I was beginning to think that the fine old English sense of the ridiculous had set with the sun on the British Empire. But Walter Nash's *Kettle of Roses* proves that it lives on. Edna Pugh is a typical North County housewife. Her Welsh, Richard Burton-like husband is serving time in the slammer for his financial manipulations. She has an equally enterprising young son, who raises pocket money by showing his willie, with reduced rates for groups. Edna's father is fluent in a dozen different languages, all of them variations on the English language which the ever-earthly Bard would have delighted in. And old Grampa Wilcox, an Old Testament while, dies during a daytime television quiz show. Dad makes b. sure that the show's producers don't back out of their obligations regarding the b. prize money — after all, Grampa only gave up the ghost after answering the last question correctly!

Edna writes all this, and much more, in her letters to her old schoolchum, Ivy. After the first letter, reminding Ivy of the good times the two girls shared in school, the correspondence takes off at a good clip. Soon, they are confiding their romantic interludes to each other. Ivy has a bit of a do with a Spanish chap, but it doesn't last long. And Edna, wondering whether or not to retain her sticky-fingered husband, samples affection with her employees, and flat-out lust with a randy traffic warden, whose penny-pinching ways make their illicit week-end somewhat less than idyllic.

change Paul's mind, and by the end of a day and night in Lisbon, he has discarded his Free World Zone in favour of better understanding of his parents and their problems. This spare novel does not allow itself much time to reach the crux of the problems. Yet the reader never feels rushed by Wain's rapid transition from youthfulness to a greater measure of maturity. The parents' reconciliation is the only aspect which appears forced. For the rest, the complicated subject of growing pains is treated with gentleness and love.

**EAST WIND** is a well-produced novel. My copy is in hard-cover, a big, substantial book, with a dramatic jacket, and a few encomiums about the author. It costs enough, too — \$15.95. Then why, oh why, is it such a silly, simplistic novel? The book professes to be an adventure novel, and it is. The heroine, Constance, leaves New York to travel to Hong Kong, and the novel ranges from there to London and Palestine. It is the turn of the century, and over four decades pass from the novel's beginning to end. Constance falls in love with one person, marries another, has an affair with her first love and bears two children — one by her husband; the second by her lover. She successfully runs a business. She and her children — by this time she has lost her first husband, and married her lover — are taken prisoner by the Japanese during the Second World War. Constance manages to escape with her grandchildren. After the war, she and her new husband — have I mentioned that they're Jews? — manage to be in the new State of Israel just as it's born. And her husband is one of the very first victims of the hostilities. End of novel.

Perhaps one of the most grating features in the novel is that all the good guys are good despite their faults (and an illicit love affair, for supposedly strict, observant Jews is definitely a fault, to put it mildly). So who cares how they act, the author seems to be saying. We know their hearts are in the right place. But the really offensive aspect of *East Wind* is its overall simplicity. Julie Ellis slides over the generations, touching the heart of precisely nothing. Strong emotions are mentioned, not felt. Coming to Hong Kong, Constance witnesses deaths due to a sudden typhoon. Naturally, little Constance is sensitive, and shudders at the events. Then she proceeds to enjoy her luncheon. If you're into paper-doll characters, a minimum of real feelings and a variety of different locations for a silly adventure novel, run, don't walk, to get your copy of *East Wind*.

**IN RACHEL BILLINGTON'S** *Occasion of Sin* passion conquers all, including deep-set Catholic principles. Laura is a woman who "believes in marriage," and has a "perfect son." Yet she runs off with a man simply because she wants him. She has a child by him, but finally gives him up. She is left with an illegitimate girl and longing for her legitimate son. Laura's Catholic viewpoint is obviously deeply considered even if it has little influence on her behaviour. Some descriptive passages are almost palpable. Yet Laura is an aggravating heroine, and never takes a positive stand about anything. Even when she loses her son, she gives him up without any pronounced struggle. If *Occasion of Sin* is a study of a woman's ability to adjust to extreme circumstances, it certainly succeeds in its aim.

**THIS NOVEL** does get it right for the hero though not for the reader. A 32 year old virgin worried about his complexion, Gavin is a shy, sensitive London hairdresser. This lonely young man finds the girl of his choice after two weeks of fantastic adventures and misadventures.

They involve his very first social and sexual encounters with women. The first is Joan, rich, married, unhappy. Elizabeth Jane Howard disposes of her rather easily by dispatching her to America in the arms of a homosexual.

The second woman is Minerva, young and mad as a hatter. Her creator consigns her to limbo, to get it right for Gavin and his last one, Jenny. At the conclusion, they are happy and hugging.

*Getting It Right* tells an absurd story, and tells it inexpensively, for the insomnia who needs a book to lull him to sleep. This *Yorkshire Post* novel of the year is touted as "a stunning and tender sexual comedy." It isn't.

## Damascene

**DAMESEK SHELI** (My Damascus) by Mazal Weigert. Tel Aviv, Dvir. 103 pp. No price stated.

**Miriam Arad**

"HOLD YOUR head and shut your eyes!" Tunch, the heroine of these memories of childhood in Damascus, is told by her friend on the first page of *Damasek Sheli*. The order comes too late, though, and what Tunch's friend fears comes about: Tunch watches open-eyed as a priest walks past the two girls. Now she will have to run for the nearest gutter and wet her hair thoroughly, or she will lose it all and grow as bald "as the moon on Seder night."

Notwithstanding such superstitions, and despite what we know about the history of Syrian Jewry (e.g., the infamous Damascus blood libel of 1840), life in the Jewish Quarter of Damascus early in the century was peaceful enough. Jews, or at least the Jewish children in this book, have the freedom of the city, wander unafraid through its markets, go to church to listen to the organ music, and to a mosque just for the hell of it. Keeping strictly to her child's eye-view, the author experiences the city as a place of colour, smells, street-cries and gossip, where most adults, Jew or Arab are good-natured and hospitable.

Still, this is not just a story about Jewish life in Damascus, but one of childhood and its many mysteries as well, such as the stunning fact that after you have cracked a paper bagful of sunflower seeds, the bag will be too small to hold the shells; that old Hacham Gamliel can read a book held an inch away from his nose; and that a woman who is an *aguna* — obviously a fearful disease — looks as healthy as can be for all that.

This is not a children's book, but teenagers may enjoy it as much as adults.

## Hairdresser

**GETTING IT RIGHT** by Elizabeth Jane Howard. Harmondsworth, Penguin. 286pp. £1.95.

**Shirley Granovetter**

**THIS NOVEL** does get it right for the hero though not for the reader. A 32 year old virgin worried about his complexion, Gavin is a shy, sensitive London hairdresser. This lonely young man finds the girl of his choice after two weeks of fantastic adventures and misadventures.

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המזמן השלישי



IN CLASS she drinks in his words, intelligent, receptive. She understands that his Shakespearean allusions are veiled compliments to herself. He sees her handwriting, "traced long and fine with quiet disdain and resignation" as further evidence of her being a "young person of quality." He notices the minutest of her responses, her fascination with him, and is, in turn, fascinated. Sophisticated, cultured, she speaks the languages he is busy teaching himself. Sometimes he is infuriated by her breeding and the elegant luxury of her upbringing; they remind him more strongly of the poverty and deprivation of his own.

After his tutelage she goes on to the universities of Vienna and Florence (in 1908 no mean feat for a woman); she values the fact of himself that he is most proud of: his untrammelled, daring intellect. He shows her his poems, and later the finished chapters of his book. He daydreams about her "quiet cold fingers" touching "his pages" and his daydreams further...

Eight years before starting to write *Giacomo Joyce*, Nora Barnacle's innocent simplicity had won his heart. The girl from Galway, whom he thought of as "this beautiful wild flower of the hedges," was invited by Joyce to "stand beside him." She agreed without hesitation, and they eloped to the Continent in October 1904. Four years later, after Ulysses' wandering around the Mediterranean, and now with their two young children, the Joyces are living in Trieste. James's teaching supports the family and stifles his literary ambitions. He continues to idolize what he perceives as Nora's directness and goodness of heart, but is upset by their frequent quarrels, which he blames on her inability to adapt to life abroad and her lack of interest in his work.

During the early Trieste period, Joyce still hopes to bring Nora nearer to him by drawing her more into the heart of his interests. In a letter of 1909, he enjoins her wistfully: "When we go back to Trieste, will you read if I give you books? Then we could speak together..." Later, a note of accusation creeps in: "The other night I came back to your bed from the cafe, I began to tell you of all I hoped to do, and to write, and of those boundless ambitions which are really the leading forces of my life. You would not listen to me."

**JOYCE'S DETERMINATION**, when he left Dublin in self-imposed exile, had been to express himself "in silence, exile and cunning." But silence was impossible for Joyce—he could do without many things (money, creature comforts, his native tongue)—but not without his

## Joyce's Jewesses



**GIACOMO JOYCE** by James Joyce London, Faber & Faber, 37 pp., £1.75

Aloma Halter

audience. His listener should be an intelligent sympathizer; so much the better if she were a woman and he in love with her. By 1913, after nine years in close proximity to Nora, he had abandoned the idea of her ever fulfilling that role. The yearning that pervades *Giacomo Joyce* goes beyond the yearning of maturity for youth—its ostensible theme—and can be seen as, also, Joyce's longing for kindred intellectual enthusiasm, under the guise of love. By this time Nora, his "wild flower of the hedges," might have resembled Lady Bracknell's flower: "Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone." Incapable of understanding the scope of his intellect, let alone stimulating it, Nora, by this time, could scarcely be brought to read what he wrote.

Apart from the intelligent, interested audience she provided, Amalia Popper, the unnamed heroine of *Giacomo Joyce*, had another, perhaps unfair, advantage over his wife. She was Jewish. In *Giacomo* he can think of her as a "Daughter of Zion," or picture her in the church of his imagination, standing beside him, "pale and chill," in "the sin-dark nave." Undoubtedly, his Irish-Catholic upbringing, and later Jesuit education (violently rejected in his late teens), lent the thrill of the forbidden to Joyce's perception of the Jewish, and particularly, the Jewess. He de-

scribes Amalia as "rounded and ripened in the forcing house of the seclusion of her race." It is a race which holds an enduring and sensual fascination for him. Amalia's father, Leopoldo Popper, must have lodged in his mind: almost a decade later, this was the name that Joyce chose for the character he was to endow with so many of his own feelings and thoughts—Leopold Bloom: hero of *Ulysses*.

Later, when he was already writing *Ulysses*, after a chance meeting with an attractive young woman, Martha Fleischmann, in a Zurich street, Joyce attached inordinate importance to the fact that she might be Jewish. In *Ulysses* she makes her appearance as the Catholic Martha Clifford. To the original Martha, Joyce writes, in 1919, "Jesus Christ put on his body in the womb of a Jewish woman." The Judeo-Celtic dynamic exercised more than a personal fascination; it also seems linked with periods of his life when he experienced an upsurge of creativity.

**WHAT EFFECT** did these Jewesses really have on Joyce's life or work? Joyce's actual unfaithfulness to Nora (his life-long companion) can only remain conjecture; but their fleeting appearance in his life left a mark upon his work. They embodied revitalizing salutes from a domestic hearth lacking inspirational fuel. Amalia, the mysterious "she" of *Giacomo*, becomes a kind of symbol for all that he was striving towards. Her brief and dreamlike appearances have the guise of the visitations of a muse. However, in ways perhaps even more pervasive, Nora, of whom he "had wept to see the

beauty of the world passing like a dream behind her eyes," continued to dominate his work, although she had long ceased reading what he wrote. Molly Bloom has much of the mature Nora, and it is significant that the single day the entire novel *Ulysses* is built around—June 16th, 1904—was the day that Joyce had first "walked out" with his wife.

His publisher calls this novella "fictionalized autobiography." That Joyce is liberal with various permutations of his own name in fiction, and those of people close to him, does indicate that he thought there was a meaningful interplay between what he lived and what he wrote. His relation to fiction was an intimate one. He must have been aware that he was laying open his publications, by this, to unravelment into personal themes.

Need a situation which convinces in print also be true to real life? Joyce's *Giacomo* hints at an illicit love affair, but the use of his own name, of Nora's, and of a mysterious "she," makes clear the identity of the protagonists. He may have been reluctant to turn his private notebooks into a marketable proposition, yet it was uncharacteristic of Joyce to hesitate to convert the printable into printed banknotes. Perhaps he simply did not consider *Giacomo* a "finished" piece of writing, for had he feared domestic repercussions he could have changed all the names and then published. Joyce could scarcely have flinched on moral grounds. After all, his stubbornness in refusing to change controversial themes and passages in *Dubliners* proves that he was not put off by what contemporary thought gauged unacceptably daring, even though this held up the publication of the short stories for several years. Since it probably did not matter to Joyce what the "truth" of the matter was (whether he had an affair with a lady of the name of Amalia Popper, wished for an affair with her, or merely invented one)—should it matter at all to the reader? Moreover, are the disjointed fragments that Joyce himself did not take seriously as a novella, and abandoned in Trieste (thoughtfully saved for posterity by his brother, Stanislaus) to be taken seriously by the contemporary reader?

Yes. For *Giacomo* will probably be the last of Joyce's published writings; moreover it is short (only 15 pages, written out on large manuscript sheets), and thus easily digestible, yet remains quintessentially Joycean. Part of the beauty of this paperback edition is that the publishers have included four facsimile pages of the original small, spiky writing. Another great advantage is the introduction and the annotations by Joyce's fine biographer, Richard Ellmann. Brief as it is, the great interest of this work lies in the way it is written and the place it has at a confluence of Joyce's life and work. The writing of a period of transition, it takes one from the youthful Stephen Dedalus of *Portrait* toward the mature Bloom of *Ulysses*; from the three singularity of his love for Nora to an "improved-upon Nora-ideal." *Giacomo* is written in prose where the idea, events and emotions are sometimes merely listed: "On the stairs. A cold trail hand; shyness, silence, dark, languor-flooded eyes; weariness." The mood is unforgettable as Joyce develops his colling language, later to become known as the "stream of consciousness" style of writing. Words which in *Giacomo* are mere signposts, become, in *Ulysses*, whole territories, traversed by the internal illogic of the human mind.

In the period of writing *Giacomo* at first glance so overtly autobiographical, his letters are conspicuous for their absence of any direct mention of this affair. A telling slant to the arduous debate. And Joyce could be disconcertingly frank in his letters. Instead he is preoccupied by interminable financial difficulties and by the continuous struggle to come out in print. With obsessive, white fury, Joyce chronicles his battles: the publisher's breach of contract, his demand that Joyce fictionalize all Dublin place names. And then, the last straw: the printer's own initiative in burning the entire edition of 1,000 copies and breaking up the typeface. This sad episode, occurring during the Joyces' visit to Ireland in 1912, effected his final and irrevocable break from the country. He left in disgust, vowing never to return; and indeed, never did, living abroad as an exile till his death in 1941.

The years between late 1911 and mid-1914—when Joyce was writing *Giacomo*—turned out to be the most fertile period in his life; and his vastly different preoccupations from the anatomy, during this time, open up the work to interpretation as a form of sophisticated escapism. 1914 was a year of unsurpassed creativity: he planned the play *Exiles*, saw *Dubliners* and *Portrait* into print, and planned out *Ulysses* in his mind. So, throughout this time, and the various difficulties that dogged him, Joyce was showing up "against his ruin," as it were, the fragments of *Giacomo Joyce*. This short, lyrical, incomplete novella comes, then, to be seen as a personal healing process that Joyce could turn to in free moments, and that sustained him from the nadir of the Dublin book-burning through to the redemptive period that followed his conception of *Ulysses*.

proliferate, and social classes dispute over the allocation of scarce resources.

**HIS CONCLUSIONS** are not spelled out. What happens if all countries get to be over-populated, yet all maintain the same level of technology? One condition for hostilities obtains (over-population) but not the other (superiority in weapons). Does war come to an end? Do all niches turn into bureaucratic inward-looking class-ridden welfare states? Or does the new high technology revolution offer unlimited prospects of niche-growth without the necessity for wars of conquest? The impression left by this book is that the choice is between military expansion and social decay. Let us hope there is a third option.

THE COLUMNS I most enjoy writing are those on what's new around the market place. After all, consumerism is serious business. Shopping can be fun.

For instance, this summer you can wear *The Jerusalem Post* as well as read it. Articles, ads, cartoons and even crossword puzzles have been splashed over a variety of fashion items, particularly cotton t-shirt blouses for women and children. Tel Aviv's outdoor Carmel Market is full of them, but others can be seen on fashionable Dizengoff and elsewhere. Most carry no manufacturers' labels at all, or those of little-known firms.

Prices range from a mere IS.300 for a child's garment to IS1,000 and more for some of the women's styles. At first I thought that perhaps this was a clever promotion stunt by *The Post*, but it seems that the manufacturers acted all on their own initiative, following an international fashion trend which uses newspaper as inspiration for textile design. *The Post*, being in English, was presumably accorded more snob value than the Hebrew papers.

Frankly, I am somewhat miffed that none of my articles has turned up on any fashion wear. I stopped a woman on the street the other day to read her blouse, but the only byline was "Asher Wallfish." My colleagues David Landau and Wolf Blitzer will grace many a bosom this summer; for reasons unknown, most of *The Post*-imprinted textile designs come from the October 28, 1983 issue. Some shirts carry nearly the entire front page.

Perhaps I should persuade my editors to paraphrase *The New York Times* slogan to "All the news that's fit to wear."

IF SOMEONE tells you he has a red card or blue card, ditto pink, gold or green, he is not referring to any fashion trend, but the latest in business promotion schemes. Every card but the green one belongs to a plan called "Meal for Two," which offers two restaurant dinners for the price of one. The green card is a separate enterprise entirely, described below.

Meal for Two is the project of a Tel Aviv marketing-promotions firm called Yoav, Natvei Ra'ayon, headed by Nehorai Zafrani. For the equivalent of \$20 or approximately the price of a meal in a high-class restaurant, the subscriber gets a card entitling him to eat at any one of a dozen different restaurants, with a companion, paying just for a single meal. The free meal is the cheaper of the two ordered, and beverages must be paid for in full.

The restaurant may take a service charge even for the free meal. And if it posts an appropriate sign on the door or says so on the menu, it is not obliged to honour credit card payment under the plan.

Still, it isn't a bad deal for people who dine out frequently, including business-lunch devotees. The card is good for half a year and, if the holder uses all 12 options, it can mean a real saving of \$160 to \$220—the value of a dozen free meals at \$15 to \$20 each, minus the cost of the card.

There are red, blue and pink cards for Tel Aviv, with different restaurants on each, and a gold card for Jerusalem.

Because most of the listings are not kosher, there is a special all-kosher list of 12 eating places in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem combined, plus a cheaper eight-spot, all-kosher card for Jerusalem only. There is also a four-city card geared for tourists, and a Haifa restaurant card will be ready soon.

Soon there is to be a shopping

## Perma-press



### MARKETING WITH MARTHA

discount card. Called "VIT—Very Important Tourist," it will be distributed via travel agents abroad.

For people who prefer cultural to gastronomic nourishment, there is a theatre card, for \$7, which gives two tickets for the price of one at five performances in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem (but not at most major theatres), plus a sampling of pubs and coffee houses at half price.

These cards are available at Yoav, Natvei Ra'ayon, 169 Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv, Tel. 03-246861; Jerusalem, 02-227977, or Herzliya area, 052-558090.

THE TERM "green card" brings to mind the coveted permit which allows aliens to remain and work in the United States. The association can only enhance the snob appeal of Greencard Israel, a Tel Aviv-based company which runs a country-wide discount scheme for all sorts of shops and services, including restaurants.

Headed by Robert Elmuli, the plan claims nearly 40,000 subscribers and 3,000 listed businesses which give discounts between 10 and 25 per cent. The discount is intended for cash or personal cheque payment, not credit card use, but Elmuli argues that Greencard discounts are greater than the four per cent saved by credit card users today.

Readers of last week's issue of the Hebrew entertainment magazine *Lahlon* were surprised to find a free one-month trial Greencard inside, with an option to subscribe for a one-year Greencard for \$2,900 until June 30, instead of the usual \$5,000. Anyone who missed the offer can still get a trial card by writing to the *Lahlon* editorial office.

Greencard headquarters are in Tel Aviv's Dizengoff Centre. Tel. 03-289938.

MY DAUGHTER, with an eye towards her 11th birthday, last week dragged me off to an "adoption

centre" for Cabbage Patch Kids. These are the Coleco-brand dolls, with cabbage-like heads, which caused riots in U.S. department stores last Christmas.

They have arrived in Israel—or rather, the waiting lists for adoption are open. The dolls, advertised as "no two exactly alike," are "adopted" rather than purchased—for a price, of course.

Here in Israel, the "adoption fee" is the equivalent of \$32 (about IS6.400), with \$10 paid as a deposit, the rest when the doll arrives.

A shipment of several thousand dolls is due in mid-June, and those who order early get the first pick of the Kids—which come in boy and girl versions, black and white, with different hair-styles and outfits.

A colleague just back from abroad conveniently has the mail-order catalogues from the U.S. popular-priced chains, Sears and Montgomery Ward. The listed price for an authentic Cabbage Patch Kid by Coleco is \$19.99 at Sears, valid until August 31, and \$21.87 at Montgomery Ward, until June 30. There are very costly U.S. hardware versions, too. Also on the market abroad and here are cheaper Far Eastern imitations of the doll.

The official importer for Israel is Kaufman Agencies of Tel Aviv, which also brings in Lego, Fisher-Price toys, and Mattel's Barbie dolls. Kaufman has a chain of 21 toy shops and toy departments called Fantasia, each of which has an adoption centre for Cabbage Patch Kids. In Tel Aviv, it is in the basement of Super-Royal on Dizengoff.

Kaufman Agencies' managing director, David Gedanken, claims these dolls are still in short supply in the U.S., and says he expects American tourists to be avid customers here, unless Israelis adopt all the dolls in advance. He also claims that prestigious New York stores such as F.A.O. Schwarz and Macy's are

selling the dolls for \$39.95, or more than in Israel. I cannot afford to phone New York to verify this.

Gedanken claims that, despite a 60 per cent total tax and port duties burden on the landed value here, the dolls can sell in Israel for "only \$32" because they come in locally-made boxes with Hebrew-printed adoption papers, with the consent of the mother company in Canada.

THE FAMOUS plastic building blocks, Lego, another Kaufman Agencies import, will be featured at a special pavilion of the "Modern Living Fair" from June 6 to 23 at the Tel Aviv Exhibition Grounds. The Mini Legoland show, sent here from Denmark, will feature a reproduction of the Knesset building made from 40,000 Lego pieces. It took 160 hours to build and is complete down to details such as the Palombo gates and the eternal flame.

Children can play with Lego blocks at the fair, and parents can buy at discount prices. Anyone who buys IS1,800 of Lego at a regular shop before the fair ends will get one free adult entrance ticket, worth IS800. Until the end of June, all purchasers will take part in a raffle: the first prize is a light to Denmark with a week's hospitality and a visit to Legoland.

I HAVE HAD further intelligence that the French croissant has successfully invaded Israel. After reporting on a croissant cafe in Tel Aviv recently, I got word that the craze has reached Herzliya as well.

A shop called "Free Time" on Shderot Chen has converted an entire floor to a coffee shop featuring hot croissants supplied fresh from La Javenuise bakery in the town's industrial area. The other floor remains a sales area for fashions, footwear and gifts.

THE RECENT TV Milk Marketing Board service ads saying that milk is good for you may not be such good advice for many Israelis.

A large proportion of our adult population is unable to digest the lactose in milk, because their bodies lack enough of the enzyme lactase. Failure to digest lactose can result in bloating, diarrhea and other gastric disturbances.

Many people have this deficiency without even knowing it, says Rafaela Altman, importer of an American pharmaceutical product which can help sufferers enjoy milk, who made her discovery after learning that her own son's gastric problems were caused by lactase enzyme deficiency.

The product, Lactaid, consists of lactase enzyme drops, which are added straight into a bag or bottle of milk to break down the lactose. It imparts a slightly sweet taste and slightly more than doubles the cost of a bag of subsidized milk.

Sold in pharmacies, a bottle of Lactaid costs IS1,070, as of earlier this week, and it is sufficient to treat 12 litres of milk. Some countries sell bottled fresh milk with Lactaid already added.

Anyone who suspects that he suffers from lactose intolerance can have clinical tests to check. The condition is often ethnic-linked, with people of Asian, African, and Mediterranean background more prone than Northern Europeans.

Prof. Tuvia Gilat, head of the Gastroenterology Institute of Tel Aviv's municipal hospitals and university, says 70 per cent of Israel's adult Jewish population and 80 per cent of our Arab adults suffer lactose intolerance.

At the same time, he minimizes the problem by noting that most

lactose-intolerant people will not be disturbed by a bit of milk in coffee or tea, or even a daily glass of milk, if it is taken in two portions. Butter and cheese do not affect them, the doctor says, and lactose breaks down at least partially in fermented milk products such as yoghurt and buttermilk, the traditional forms in which adults in the Middle East consume milk.

This may have a sound health basis: Only in the U.S. and Northern Europe is the drinking of fresh milk popular with adults. It may not be such a good idea here.

Dr. Gilat told me that lactose intolerance in infants and toddlers is rare, but the problem can develop by the age of three or four. I have heard this offered as an explanation of why the medical profession does not press for the distribution of free milk in schools here. For many of our children, doctors say, it might do more harm than good.

ANOTHER pharmaceutical product with an even more limited potential clientele is a British-made non-electrical pump for the inhalation of drugs by asthmatics and others with breathing difficulties. Put on the market here recently by Trupharm Ltd. of Herzliya, the pump is said to be a boon for outdoor and Sabbath use, because it requires no electrical connections, unlike most such inhalator pumps. It is intended mainly for babies and the elderly, who cannot operate small hand-held inhalators but need the type which has a face mask and pump, operated by another person.

The Easy-Air Nebuliser, operated by hand or foot, has been approved for Sabbath and Holiday use by the Institute for Science and Halacha in Jerusalem. It is easily portable in a container slightly larger than a shoebox.

The mechanical pump sells by mail order for \$38. Inquiries can be made by phoning 052-553992, or writing to POB 2067, Herzliya.

THE ISRAELI Productivity Institute recently reported that the Israeli consumer is more willing to try new products than his American counterpart. But the rate of success of new items on the Israeli market remains about one out of three, as in most Western countries.

Would anyone like to bet on the success of several new products which have come to my attention lately? There is the Kabukim snack food line from Fromine; dish-washing liquid called P-7 from Neca; strawberry and maple flavoured dessert syrups from Osem; new white cheese called Boker from Thuvra; Ba-Li Shake flavourings for milk from Vita and a newly-imported perfume called Paris by Yves Saint Laurent.

Incidentally, Telma's Patit cracker-bread, which has been around for about a year, has a new manufacturing address, and I am pleased to report it is local. The product was originally made in France for Telma, on a trial basis. It will henceforth be produced at Telma's Shefa plant in Arad.

My newest candidates for the title of "imported-products-we-least-need" are packaged potato pancake and dumpling mixes from West Germany.

I spotted them at my corner grocery the other day, and was dismayed to see that they cost very little more than the local potato latke mixes. I can only hope that consumers will show some resistance to these senseless imports, even if the importers cannot restrain themselves.

MARTHA MEISELS

PAUL COLINVAUX, a British zoologist holding a chair in an American university, advances a new theory of history. The force that causes war is not religion, nor lust for power, nor class-war. It is—the making of babies.

People think that modern birth control devices will stop population growth. That is nonsense, he says. There were periods of no-growth long before anyone had heard of the pill. Infanticide was widespread, and anticipated present-day abortion. Taboos were thought up—for instance big dowries, and celibacy for monks and nuns.

These restraints had to have a reason. Each population-group possesses a "niche" or living-area. As long as there is room the inhabitants will multiply. But once the niche is full, there is no choice: the popula-

## Room of one's own

THE FATES OF NATIONS by Paul Colinvaux. London, Penguin Books, 269 pp. £5.95.

David Krivine

tion must stop growing (with the aid of the various taboos), unless new possibilities of employment emerge.

ONE IS provided by technological progress, which increases the niche's absorptive capacity. The population then grows again until a new limit is reached, when a new way out defines itself: to make war against a neighbouring niche and

conquer whatever *Lebensraum* it has available. Who wins? Colinvaux supplies an answer to that too.

The recipe for victory and conquest is not superior tactics nor brilliant generalship, but superior weaponry. In ancient times Alexander of Macedonia conquered Asia Minor because he possessed the phalanx. Rome superseded Greece because it had the legion. The Goths defeated the Romans because they had armoured cavalry. And so on.

Wars in Europe during the last four centuries (between France, Austria, Prussia, England, Russia and Italy, in various coalitions and

confrontations) were all indecisive because the combatants had technologies at roughly the same level of development. The British were the smartest: they sought a venue for their aggression in distant low-technology continents, and managed to build up an empire there.

The situation today depends, as always, on the amount of niche-space available. America has plenty, so the reigning spirit is expansion. People are equal, liberty is cherished and government controls scorned.

Britain has lost her empire. The niche to which she withdrew is small and crowded. No room is left for bold initiatives or great ventures. The accent, according to Colinvaux, is on rationing. Bureaucracies take over, rules and regulations

proliferate, and social classes dispute over the allocation of scarce resources.

His conclusions are not spelled out. What happens if all countries get to be over-populated, yet all maintain the same level of technology? One condition for hostilities obtains (over-population) but not the other (superiority in weapons). Does war come to an end? Do all niches turn into bureaucratic inward-looking class-ridden welfare states?

Or does the new high technology revolution offer unlimited prospects of niche-growth without the necessity for wars of conquest? The impression left by this book is that the choice is between military expansion and social decay. Let us hope there is a third option.